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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

The Business Cycle

The New York *Times* Index of Business Activity, after reaching a peak during the first week of April, has declined steadily and precipitately ever since. It is hoped by all and believed by some that, after making a double bottom at or near the February low, the Index, following the pattern of 1921, will begin to climb out of the depression zone during the closing months of the year. So far, however, there is no statistical evidence that this will be the case. Few constructive developments may be hoped for during the immediate future, with price wars raging in our leading industries and the necessary wage readjustment delayed by the unfortunate interference of the Administration. On the other hand, nothing has happened yet which would prevent gradual recovery from setting in later this year. Fortunate are those financial prophets who are taking their vacations now. The immediate future is anybody's guess.

Last month I suggested that the years 1920 to 1930 might come to be known as the Chart Decade. The depression which followed may also be called the Ostrich Depression because, ostrich-fashion, it stuck its head in the ground, mumbled encouraging prophecies to itself, and believed that nobody could see that it was an ostrich. A few days ago, for the first time in two years, an important business leader called a spade a spade and admitted that things were not all right in his industry. Mr. Farrell's speech of May twenty-second before the Iron and Steel Institute was one of the most encouraging events of the year. The bad news is out. The public knows that at least the foremost industrial leaders realize that business is in very critical condition and that if the Government and labor officials would leave them alone they would try to do something about it. If a few more men of Mr. Farrell's calibre would follow his example and admit publicly what they tell their friends privately, it would alleviate the panic psychology which has seized the minds of the many thousands of individuals who control the nation's capital and are allowing it to stagnate in idleness. Uncertainty breeds fear. The optimistic hokum which our misguided leaders foisted upon us last year produced nothing but doubt and hesitation.

Construction

As explained last month, I consider the volume of contracts let for new construction as the most important business barometer. The present depression was forecast by their falling off throughout 1929, after the peak year of 1928. I am watching now to see whether this year my new-construction chart will follow the design of 1921, the recovery year of the last major depression. For a while this year the analogy was perfect, the abrupt decline of the closing months of 1930 being regained in the first quarter of 1931. The peak of the new construction line is normally reached in the spring for the logical reason that building can be done most easily in the summer. A contract let in April or May ensures six months of good building weather. In 1921, however, after a slight falling off following the normal peak reached in May, a second and higher peak was reached in September, the abnormal construction activity being the result of the very low building costs which, in turn, were brought about by the depression.

This year the spring peak appears to have been reached in April. In other words, the summer falling off began a month sooner than in 1921. Unless a secondary abnormal peak begins to materialize in the next month or so, as was the case in 1921, the new-construction barometer will point toward even lower corporate profits in the closing months

(*Continued on page X*)

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Down to Facts

PARTICULARLY during the last twelve months President Hoover has been criticized with increasing frequency and ardor by American liberals. He has been defended in the traditional style by those individuals and interests who never desert their upholstered boxes on the Republican bandwagon.

But attacks and defenses, thrusts and parries, mean little. What the public wants today is truth. Hence the exceptional importance of the dispassionate series of seven articles (beginning in the issue of June 24) in which *THE NATION* will discuss the principal aspects of the present administration under the general title —

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By Way of Introduction

GEORGE H. HULL, JR. (*Collective Capitalism*) is a New York business man, whose father, as he tells in the article, made an analysis of business depressions which was received twenty years ago by economists and statesmen with the greatest enthusiasm. He carries its thought through into logical conclusions and a plan of national action.

JOHN LINEAWEAVER (*Hexa Buch*) lives in Pennsylvania and knows the Pennsylvania Dutch people. He studied at Haverford College and the University of Virginia. This is his first story published in an American magazine.

FRANK E. GAEBELEIN (*An Evangelical's Defense*) has been since 1922 Headmaster of the Stony Brook School, of which he was the organizer. He became Director of the National Bible Institute in 1925 and is a writer on religious subjects.

JULIUS M. NOLTE (*The Landowner's Lot*), a native Minnesotan, graduate of Yale, and World War Veteran has given most of his time to teaching and writing. He has made a thorough study of the discriminatory tax situation in the United States.

HENRY CARTER (*The Gentleman from Maryland*), for many years connected with the State Department, wrote on *Democratic Possibilities for 1932* in the March NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD (*Cynics Leave the Theatre*), a frequent contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is a dramatic critic, author of novels and book reviews.

WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT (*Chicago Strikes Back*), whose career began with police reporting for the Kansas City *Star* before he entered the ministry, has for fifteen years combined newspaper reporting and promotion with church work. He writes on public welfare and sociological topics.

BURGES JOHNSON (*The Newspaper's Lost Leadership*), who formerly wrote *A Cracker Barrel Philosopher* for this magazine, is now Director of Public Relations at Syracuse University. He recently has encouraged writers of verse by his book *New Rhyming Dictionary and Poet's Handbook.*

B. S. STANOYEVICH (*Willis Fletcher Johnson*), until recently an associate editor of THE NORTH AMERICAM REVIEW, is now doing newspaper and free-lance work.

BERNARD SIMON (*Scenarios to the Office Boy*), a graduate of Columbia University, has at various times been a stage-manager at the Provincetown Playhouse, a dramatic writer on the New York *Morning Telegraph* and the New York *Herald Tribune* secretary to Sinclair Lewis, and theatrical press-agent. He is engaged now in the last named activity.

LAURA W. L. SCALES (*A College Warden Speaks*) has been Museum Instructor in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Dean of Women in the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and is now Warden of Smith College.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Pulp

THERE was a man standing on the corner smoking. It was raining a little. I went up to him and asked politely if he had a match, and he said yes, he had, fumbled in his pockets and handed me one. I lit my cigarette, thanked him and began to turn away.

"I beat her to a pulp," he said, without warning.

I stopped turning and looked at him.

"I beat her to a pulp," he repeated, a trace of urgency in his voice.

"Well," I hedged, "I suppose. . . ."

"What else could I do?" The question was curiosity, nothing else. I held my ground, thinking.

"Well, you could have reasoned with her, couldn't you?"

He made a disdainful gesture and said, conclusively this time: "I beat her to a pulp."

This settled it, as far as I was concerned. I moved to go on.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You don't understand. Let me explain."

"But it's raining here," I objected.

He admitted it, then looked around and pointed toward a low flight of steps. "Let's go in there and I'll tell you."

I followed him in under the stairs and we sat down at a table and ordered beer. He started talking.

"Spafford says pacifism is treason — then they sell poppies on the street, and they had their bonus, didn't they?"

"Yes." He was twisting his glass around, one way then the other.

"And a lot of them used it to buy second-hand cars. There's a judge complains that people marry nowadays only for better, not for worse, because no crime has to be shown for annulment. He says New York State courts encourage companionate marriage, and this is the reason he gives — no crime has to be shown. You don't have to commit a crime to get an annulment. Do you have to commit a crime to get a divorce?"

"It looks that way."

He brooded awhile, then went on.

"You can't swear on the radio. You couldn't swear in the movies once. A long time ago you couldn't swear if you were writing a book. Now you can say anything you want in a book; Mr. Hays is letting down

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in the movies; but you can't swear on the radio, not even if you're Smedley D. Butler. You can stand on the street and swear, you can go to a party and swear, you can swear in a speakeasy, in an airplane — anywhere but on the radio. You can't swear on the radio. When are you going to be able to swear on the radio?"

"I don't know," I said. "When are you?"

He shrugged thin shoulders. Then through his teeth, savagely distinct, he breathed: "I beat her to a pulp!"

There was nothing for me to say.

"And Mussolini!" he hissed. "Mussolini falls off a horse, scratches his nose. The Prince of Wales falls off a horse, suppose *you* fall off a horse. There may be a laugh — smile anyhow — mostly bored silence. But Mussolini — Mussolini gets cheered. He's a hero, because he falls off a horse."

He was a little calmer.

"Take Alberto Huertado. Hugo Izquierdo stabbed him. Why? There was an argument over the Einstein theory. People get together, begin talking about astronomy — *astronomy*, mind you — and stab each other."

This was beginning to make sense. I nodded slowly: "You beat her to a pulp?"

His face broke into a smile, then tightened and his lips quivered in the foam of his beer. He banged his glass down on the table.

"Listen," he said, "they could have Prohibition; they could have depression; they could have movies and baseball and football and colleges and higher rates for the railroads and Philippine Independence and Bishop Cannon and automobiles and Stock Markets and Aimee Semple McPherson. I wouldn't care. But they have to have parades. They *have* to have parades!"

"Beat her to a pulp," I urged sadly. "Beat her to a pinguid pulp."

Waves of melancholy beat over me; he peered disconsolately into his glass. A bartender whistled off key in the back, and my friend looked up.

"Derision," he said. "The Filipinos change their minds. They decide they don't want independence so soon after all. Everybody says, 'Well, make up your minds,' and laughs. Why? Filipinos know. Anything Congress gives philanthropically must have something wrong with it.

"Look what they call 'liberal.' Look what Mark Sullivan calls 'liberal' — the Supreme Court, because it upholds a tax on chain stores. Discrimination is liberal. Sure it is. God used to be on the bankers' side.

"Liberalism. Government ownership and operation. They set up a government to protect the people and it's so efficient *regulating* power companies that it's liberal to have it *run* them." He leaned back. "But I beat her, I beat her to a pulp."

He drank beer.

"There were the Huichol Indians. Maybe there still are. Once a year the men went on a long journey — forty-three days — to get a drug made from cactus for a ceremony. While they were gone the women had to sit around the fire and tell about their love life, all of it. They took a string and tied a knot in it for each affair they'd had. When they got through confessing, they threw the string in the fire and that ab-

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solved them, made them pure. The men on their journey did the same thing. It made sure that nothing would happen to them, that they'd get the cactus drug and bring it back all right.

"I have a nephew I hate named Freddie. He went to college and got Buchmanism. I have a niece who reads confession stories; maybe she writes them, too. So we have civilization. Listen in at a tea table, in a speakeasy — you'll hear civilization. Why do the churches want a confessional?"

I had no idea.

"Down in Georgia, where they've had public school education ever since 1870, Oglethorpe University makes Dorothy Dix a Doctor of Letters. For advice to the lovelorn.

"A newspaper editor thinks it's fine that in the last two years there-'ve been forty-five sudden changes of governments all over the world, meaning revolutions, I suppose, and the United States is 'on cordial working relations with all the new governments.' — I had a red flag I waved when I was beating her."

I was discouraged. I told him that these things had to be ignored, that you couldn't get bitter over all of them, but he shook his head, and we sat on.

"And women," he said suddenly. "*My* objection to them is that they deny geometry. You walk along Fifth Avenue and have it proved every three steps you take. A triangle has no meaning for them; it's just a three-sided figure some idiot thought up to draw on paper. You couldn't convince them that if you take two points on a straight line, draw two non-parallel lines through them, those lines are going to meet somewhere, maybe with violence, maybe with loss of life or limb. Just watch a woman walking along Fifth Avenue. If she's walking even with you and wants to move over toward a store window, does she look to see whether her trajectory is going to interfere with you? She does not. She changes her direction and knocks you right off the sidewalk. If she's coming toward you, she crosses your path in a way that will cause you nothing but the utmost inconvenience."

"Well, you beat her to a pulp," I said, feeling a vicarious satisfaction.

"So I did," he nodded, calling for the check. "She's still in the hospital. That's just the trouble. Things keep cropping up and there she is in the hospital. I have a whole list of things, and she's still in the hospital."

Shaking his head, he rose and I followed him out to the street.

"Come around some time when she's out of the hospital," he said, "and we'll both beat her to a pulp."

I said it was a sound plan, and we shook hands and parted.

W. A. D.

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Collective Capitalism

By George H. Hull, Jr.

A plan, direct, simple and strikingly persuasive, for the reorganization of the construction industry, calculated to end the present business depression and prevent all future depressions

It is rapidly becoming accepted as an economic fact that business depressions originate in a large falling off of new construction work, which is, in turn, caused by an inflation of construction cost.

The discovery of this fact was made by the late George H. Hull, my father, and was announced in a book called *Industrial Depressions*, published in 1911. The book presented an exhaustive analysis of the eleven industrial depressions which had occurred in this country between 1833 and 1911, and of similar depressions which had occurred almost simultaneously in several of the other industrial nations.

Cycles in these depressions were similar in every respect. The uptrend in construction contract volume started in all cases on a basis of low construction cost. Several months later when the actual volume of new construction work was brought upon the market, there developed a shortage of construction materials. This shortage precipitated a great rise in prices. The bulk of the construction work was done at the low price contract figures, but during the long delay in finishing up the old contracts, bidding for materials in which there was a shortage kept construction cost on a high level. During all this time aspirants to new construction projects were confronted with the high cost, which caused them to abandon contemplated enterprises. As old contracts were brought to completion it developed that there was not a sufficient volume of new work to take their place. When this condition obtained, the construction industry suddenly went over a precipice into depression, and general business depression invariably followed.

In revealing construction as the industry wherein prosperity and depression originate, my father's analysis showed that outside of the so-called "necessity industries," (chiefly those engaged in feeding and clothing the people) about seventy per cent of the products of industry flow into some form of construction. And the equipping and furnishing of

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construction account for a considerable portion of the other thirty per cent.

These remarks are intended to emphasize the fact, not generally understood, that the volume of new construction work currently being launched exercises the paramount influence over general industrial prosperity. President Hoover recognizes this fact and it is upon it that his recent campaign to revive construction volume was based. He made a study of *Industrial Depressions* during 1921, and ever since that time has been taking steps to get the construction industry organized for collective efficiency.

In his book my father suggested the collection of statistics by the Department of Commerce showing the total volume of construction contracts awarded monthly for the nation as a whole, and another set of statistics reflecting the ability of the construction industry to fulfill the oncoming demand as reflected in the first set of figures. Shortly after receiving and reading the book Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, wrote:

> I have read Mr. Hull's book and was greatly impressed with his general conclusions. On the inspiration of the book, I started an inquiry to see what could be determined by way of such statistics as he suggests without launching the Government into great expenditure at the moment.

The following year, that is in 1922, he inspired the organization of the American Construction Council, an institution which was designed to bring all factors of the construction industry together in a coöperative group, thus enabling them to cope more successfully with the collective problem in which they are all vitally involved.

In 1923 the Council first functioned, urging upon the nation a halt in building activities. We were at that time approaching a point on the cycle where volume was slightly greater than the ability of supply to keep up with it. Therefore, prices and wages were rising rapidly. The authorities had learned from my father's discovery that this inflation of construction cost would eventually bring depression.

When Mr. Hoover was elected to the Presidency in 1928, he announced through Governor Brewster of Maine his intention of attempting to raise a public Governmental fund (that is, Federal, State and municipal) of $3,000,000,000 to launch public construction works as a "stop-gap" or "filler-in" when private construction declined in volume. Following out the same line of thought, the President called a Business Conference in November, 1929, which as every one remembers, aimed at stimulating new construction projects, of both private and governmental origin. The plan agreed to in this Conference has failed.

According to the F. W. Dodge Corporation figures, construction volume for the year 1930 was thirty per cent less than for 1928, which means that we have on our hands a productive capacity — that is, an ability to produce construction works — forty-three per cent greater than we can use at present. This "slack" is represented in visible form by our great number of idle

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workers throughout the nation. The decline in production throughout the construction industry — embracing all the stages from raw materials to finished works, and including the multitude of distinct industries which pour their products into some form of construction — constitutes an enormous loss in national buying power. The loss of this buying power, which had previously been absorbing the current products of other industries, such as food, clothing, automobiles, radios and so on, is keenly felt by these and by the construction industry itself. It is in this way that construction affects all industry, and it is for this reason that President Hoover's campaign to maintain and stimulate construction volume was launched.

THE reason it has failed is a two-sided affair. The construction industry is a vast network of enterprises which come to a focus, in a sense, in the "collective cost" of a finished construction work. This great collective sequence of construction can not flow through into consumption except with the aid of investment capital, which is the necessary financial link in the chain. The actuating motive of investment capital is profit. Whether a satisfactory profit is possible depends on the relation of the collective cost to the prospective income from finished construction. Either a decline in the prospective income, or an advance in the cost, or both, removes the incentive to invest in construction enterprises.

In other words, figuratively speaking, we have three gears in our American profit or capitalistic system. Applying this to the construction industry, we have a production gear, a consuming gear — and in addition we have a profit distribution gear. We can not distribute directly into consumption, as is done in the Russian system, with the abolition of Capitalism. The production and consumption gears do not mesh directly with each other. They mesh through the medium of the intermediate profit gear, which controls them both and which functions or revolves continuously only when the relationship of cost to income makes construction investments attractive and profitable.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S campaign to revive construction volume has failed because it is manifestly impossible to revive investment in new construction among private investors when the income possibilities have been reduced by the general drop in buying power, which has lowered the prospective income on every kind of construction work. Therefore as the cost, based largely upon the old wage scales has not been reduced to a parity with the income situation, not only is it impossible to revive private construction, but the public frame of mind and the condition of the public pocketbook prevent the launching of vast *public* construction programmes, even though the latter do not require profit to function. They are paid for by taxes, and the people are not in a condition to be taxed for such purposes on a sufficiently large scale to save the situation.

We are facing the definite necessity of reducing construction cost to get it in line with construction in-

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come. This makes it necessary to reduce wages of labor in the construction industry primarily, and secondarily in industries which produce construction materials, thus enabling the producers to reduce prices of materials. In this way only can we reduce construction cost.

Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, intimates that bankers are conspiring to force a wage reduction by refusing to make loans to corporations unless they will agree to reduce wages. From Labor's viewpoint this is a legitimate cause for warfare. Hence Mr. Green says that Labor will resist wage reductions by calling strikes, if necessary. We may be, then, on the verge of a war between Labor and Capital, both of whom are more strongly organized than they ever have been before. Banks have been consolidated and Labor has strengthened and centralized its organization. Both sides are prepared to fight a battle which will be immensely destructive to themselves and to the whole people.

IT SEEMS to me that Labor leaders are justified in their attitude, for, although Labor's technical wages are blocking recovery from the depression, Labor has not ever received a proper share in the profits of industry. We do not need statistics to prove this. A survey of our cities would show that the Capital classes live in modern dwellings covering, at a guess, one-tenth of the area, while the working classes live in slums and semi-slums covering the other nine-tenths.

Mr. Green, representing Labor, stands in the way of immediate readjustment, which is absolutely vital, but at the same time he is fighting his battle for Labor from a long range viewpoint, and in this respect he is entirely right in his position. Moreover, the Federal Government is solidly behind Labor in its attitude toward wages, realizing no doubt that the situation has this double aspect. We have a paradox: Wages must be reduced to revive the construction industry and thus revive general business. On the other hand, wages cannot be reduced because it is not fair to Labor and because Labor is able to stop it by open warfare which will be destructive to every one.

LET us look for a moment at the manner in which we compensate Capital in industry, and the manner in which we compensate Labor. Capital has a fixed wage, so to speak, represented by bond interest and preferred stock dividends, combined with a flexible wage in the form of common stock dividends. Labor, on the other hand, has only a flat wage. When the collective cost of construction reaches a point where investors become shy, it is easy for Capital to make adjustment by reducing its common stock dividends, but with Labor it is different. Once its wages are reduced, it has no guarantee that they will be increased again, at least without more of the bitter political warfare it has taken in times past to raise them as high as they are now. I say "political" because of the curious though commonplace fact that alongside our democratic form of government we have set up an autocratic system of industry, in which the majority (Labor) has no vote. Con-

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sequently this majority has had to resort always to political means to get its industrial rights. This, combined with the resultant, inequitable distribution of industry's profits, is the reason that Capital and Labor are constantly at swords' points.

Now there is a very simple way, if people could bring themselves to believe it, in which lasting peace might be achieved between these two factions. It is an expedient which would do much more than make harmony between Capital and Labor: It would break the present depression, and if followed by an efficient coördinating organization of the construction industry as a whole, it would prevent all future depressions. A tall order, you say, but if there is any efficacy in logic and economics, a perfectly reasonable one.

The solution is, of course, to make Labor's share of profits as flexible as Capital's, in this manner: a lowered flat wage, based on the cost of living and the assured earning power of a given enterprise, *combined with a flexible wage paid in common stock out of annual net profits*. By this device Labor would become — in fact, not in oratory — a partner of Capital, with commensurate interest in the profits of their mutual production.

Let me show how the plan would work. In the first place, there would be no change in Capital's present compensation, except that part of the net earnings would be paid to Labor in common stock. That the loss of this profit would be made up — possibly more than made up — in the long run, I hope will be apparent before I finish. Then there would be classifications of Labor according to ability and experience, as at present, with varying compensations, which would provide an incentive to rise in the world. The ratio of Capital's compensation to Labor's would need diplomacy to arrange, but it could be done, and once done would never be the bone of contention that flat wages have been.

The important thing is that the flexibility brought into Labor's compensation, together with the flexibility already in Capital's, would enable collective construction cost always to be kept at a level where there would be profit for investors in buildings, ships, railroads and all the other things that are construction. Now the compensation would have to be low, but immediately business picked up, so too would compensation.

In November, 1929, President Hoover called the National Business Conference. Labor and Capital in that meeting made an agreement with each other, Labor agreeing not to call strikes and Capital agreeing not to cut wages; President Hoover was a witness to the transaction. After eighteen months' trial we still have depression. I should like to see President Hoover call now a similar conference to secure a new agreement whereby the flat wage may be reduced temporarily to a minimum. The partnership arrangement with its flexible common stock wage feature obviously can not be introduced all at once, but it could be introduced into this Conference in the form of a promise by Capital to Labor, with President Hoover as a witness, that Capital would undertake to put this profit-sharing pro-

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gramme in operation and begin planning for it at once in its great key industries, the executives of which would be present at the meeting and could voice their willingness to back such a programme in their particular corporations.

When lowered Labor cost had straightened out the present emergency in this country, as it most certainly would, there would be established in the roots of industry the coöperative partnership between Labor and Capital based on equitable profit-sharing. This accomplished, the construction industry could go on to organize itself for collective efficiency. It would be in a position to make cost a flexible thing, because the obstacle of the fixed wage scale would have been removed, and the purpose of its organization would be so to manipulate construction cost that investors, always being able to see a profit, would function steadily in the financing of new construction. This is the only way in which construction volume can be stabilized. And the stabilization of construction volume, let me say again, is the absolute *sine qua non* of uninterrupted prosperity.

INDUSTRY must learn to think, plan and act collectively. In the centre of the whole construction industry would be an organization of men watching construction cost, the volume of construction contracts, the condition of supplies and the conditions affecting construction income. The organization would coördinate "stages" of manufacture, from raw material to finished material in each distinct industry, such as steel, lumber, cement and the other collateral industries which all come back to a focus finally in construction works.

This coördination of stages within distinct industries would be accomplished by consolidation. The Sherman Law now stands in the way of such consolidation. It can not be repealed under the present hostile conditions existing between Labor and Capital, but if they functioned as partners in industry, as they must with equitable profit-sharing, they would vote alike on industrial questions and easily achieve its modification.

THERE would still be the several distinct industries in the whole construction sequence, but not only would they be consolidated within themselves for efficiency, they would also be under the guidance of this central organization to guarantee that not even an entire unit, such as the cement industry, could upset the general harmony by snatching at undue profits during a momentary shortage, or by any other means.

The great enigma of the American industrial system is our inability to consume what we can produce. Production is buying power. When production is taking place, its recompense is wages, profits, earnings, buying power; and this buying power ought to absorb the production as it comes out at the far end of the stream ready for consumption. This is simply common sense. The only way to have things is to produce them and divide them up. Our whole trouble is in the system of distributing the buying power. Production is buying power, but it does not come back upon the market properly at the consuming end, simply because we have not distributed it widely

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enough among the individuals who are engaged in it.

Let me illustrate this. I have already spoken of slums as a proof that Labor has not received its proper share of industry's profits. There is, any real estate agent will tell you, an excess of modern homes and apartments in New York City at the moment. On the other hand there is a cruel deficiency of modern homes in the slums occupied by the working classes. These slums are a great potential market upon which the construction industry might concentrate a mammoth sales campaign. The market is temporarily exhausted in the wealthy sections, although a great deal of excess buying power is still in the hands of the capital classes. There the homes and the buying power exist in superfluous quantity, but in the slums there is a deficiency of modern homes and likewise a deficiency in the buying power to acquire them. Is it not obvious that this glaring disparity has its origin in the foundation of our system, in the method of dividing the profits of industry between Labor and Capital?

I DO not suggest that the working classes take something from the Capital classes. They could do it by force, perhaps, but that would mean anarchy, chaos. They will do it eventually through the ballot box, achieving some form of government ownership and operation unless the Capital classes take the laboring classes into a partnership based on profit-sharing. What I suggest now is to avoid this, to save Capitalism by extending its benefits to the workers through the introduction of a system which will make it possible to produce construction (and other things) at a maximum rate, and get it through into consumption.

The Capital classes need not have less than they now get. The difference would be in the increased volume of production. Through this, Labor would have more without taking it away from Capital. The human enthusiasm which would result from such a profit-sharing plan among the laboring classes, I can not help believing, would double production at least. Instead of the present scramble to reduce production and raise prices, industry would become a great, spontaneous machine, aiming at minimum prices and maximum production.

THIS organization of the entire construction industry would not only eliminate "cyclic unemployment," but "technical unemployment" as well (meaning temporary unemployment caused by the introduction of machinery).

The introduction of machinery, instead of being allowed to create technical unemployment, would be used, not to cut the unit cost and leave production stationary by throwing laborers out when a machine came into a factory, but to supplement man-power in the interest of maximum production. Instead of retaining only enough man-power to *keep the machines employed* we would put in enough machines to *keep the man-power employed*. Maximum production would be the hypothesis from which industry would budget. Instead of worrying about how to keep consumption up to production, we would be studying methods of

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increasing production in order to keep up with the steadily rising demand of consumption, as expressed in the wide buying power of the classes, which would become steadily greater as production rose.

Suppose, for instance, that the profit-sharing plan in industry had been operating for ten years. Labor would have acquired a large stock interest in all phases of the construction industry. Homes, let us say, are coming out at the end of the sequence, the focal point where construction materials are assembled and put into finished form. Labor all through this producing end of the sequence would have acquired, in the form of stock representing their share of the production, the buying power with which to purchase these homes, they *would* buy them and we would have complete and smooth rotation of production into consumption through a buying power which had been distributed proportionately during the production phase.

LET us suppose that there occurred a momentary slackening of consumption despite all this new buying power. It would be bolstered up by the final step in the "collective capitalism" system, which would be the formation of a huge coöperative construction company whose stockholders would be the stockholders of industry, Labor and Capital, united in partnership. It would serve as a balance wheel — stabilizer — for the whole construction industry. Labor and materials thrown out of employment by the drop in demand would automatically flow into this great coöperative organization, which would finance, produce and sell finished construction works of all kinds to its stockholders and the general public. It would doubtless come into being through a merger of large engineering and construction companies strategically located throughout the country, all working hand in hand with and clearing, as it were, through the American Federation of Labor, which would become a powerful harmonizing force in industry.

THIS is what President Hoover was aiming to do through Governmental construction when he announced, upon being elected, that he would endeavor to raise a $3,000,000,000 public construction fund as a "stop-gap" or "filler-in" to function when private construction declined. It is what the proposed $1,000,000,000 Federal bond issue for rebuilding the slums is intended to accomplish in the present depression.

But how much preferable a capitalistic construction company, with Labor and Capital as stockholders, to a governmental construction company doing odd jobs at odd times — non-self-supporting construction works which the people might or might not need, but in which the politicians nevertheless could profiteer! The use of taxes and the machinery of government for this purpose is simply a substitution for the collective organization and widely distributed buying power that industry ought to have. It is providing governmental employment for labor, at governmentally supported wage scales which do not permit private capital to function at a profit.

We suffered periodically from financial panics until we removed

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rigidity from our credit system and injected flexibility into it with the Federal Reserve Act. We will continue to suffer periodically from industrial depressions until we eliminate rigidity from our distribution of profits and substitute flexibility and mobility. The flow of profits actuates and coincides with the flow of products. This is our distribution problem in a nutshell. Flexibility would be accomplished by modifying the rigid flat wage system through the flexible common stock wage feature. Prices and costs would then be moved up and down in the manner which would best promote maximum volume without causing the clash between Labor and Capital which such adjustments under our rigid wage system now necessitate. Mobility would be achieved through the stock wage plan by causing buying power to flow automatically to the consuming point in the sequence.

The house of Capitalism now is divided against itself. If Capital does not first make an ally of Labor, then Labor and Government with joined forces will bring the house down — on the heads of all three. A collective Capitalism is the only solution.

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Hexa Buch

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

The rain had been coming down steadily all that night, but now, a little after dawn, it had begun to slack off a bit and a pale sun was showing in the gray sky.

Dr. Hoffmeyer stood in the doorway of his house, looking at it, and at the wet fields, thinly veiled with mist, below him, and at the brown road, trailing its rocky way into Lancaster down there.

"It'll maybe give a nice day yet," he said — as much to himself, it seemed, as to the woman moving heavily about in the kitchen behind him.

"The paper," replied the woman, rattling the grate, "wants rain."

Dr. Hoffmeyer appeared not to hear. "Ya," he said meditatively, ignoring both woman and stove. "Rain before seven . . ."

"We're in the sign of the Herschel," said the woman. "So we are!"

Dr. Hoffmeyer made no immediate reply, but turned and shot her a quick glance. There was no questioning the Zodiac, of course; and yet . . . and yet. . . . A fine line appeared between his little eyes. Behind the stringy tie of his low celluloid collar his adam's apple began to move oddly.

"It'll give a nice day," he repeated, insistently shrill.

But the woman, busy with her stove, did not notice.

Dr. Hoffmeyer continued glaring at her: a tall, large-limbed body of a woman, with a superfluity of slate-colored hair twisted high on her head, stooping over now, so that the badly fitted corset stood out above the small of her back. It was no use, he knew, even as he looked: never was any use with that woman. Sixty years it would be this August, or sixty-one maybe. He couldn't tell for sure, but she was no springer, that Katie — no springer for sure. A shrewd gleam lighted his eyes at the thought and a drop of saliva bubbled an instant in the corner of his mouth. Some day, he was thinking — some day soon now, when she is too old to work — I'll kick her out.

She stood upright suddenly, meeting his glance straight on. "You can eat now," she flung at him, and without asking his leave turned and left the room.

Dr. Hoffmeyer stood a moment longer, giving her time to clear the premises of her presence. Then, wagging his head irritably ("Ach, that

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woman!"), he stepped into the kitchen and shut the door close to behind him.

* * *

DUTCHY, age twelve, and Jimmy, age eleven, were out early that morning. They were playing show.

"Look," Jimmy was saying. "Hey, Dutchy — look."

Dutchy looked up and Jimmy let go of the limb with both hands and held on just with his feet.

"You best watch out," Dutchy said. "The blood'll rush to your head."

"It will not," Jimmy said. Dutchy's mouth was open. He could see in it. Dutchy's eyes looked mostly white.

"That's all you know," Dutchy said. "You'll get unconscious."

"I won't either," Jimmy said. Everything looked funny, swinging up and down under him. Then he looked up between the branches straight to the sky.

"You best stop that," Dutchy said.

There was a big caterpillar hanging from a leaf, a big brown one. They have green guts. "Hey, Dutchy," Jimmy said. "What'll you give me if I eat that?"

"Eat what?" Dutchy said. His mouth was still open.

"That catty."

"What catty?"

"That catty — right there where you're looking."

"I won't give you nothing for it," Dutchy said. "What do you take me for anyhow?"

"I'll eat him," Jimmy said.

"You're crazy," Dutchy said. "Come on down now. Let's do something once."

"What'll we do?" Jimmy asked. Dutchy talked funny. Everybody talked funny around there. Mother didn't like Jimmy to play with Dutchy so much. She was afraid he'd catch the Pennsylvania Dutch accent.

"I don't know what we'll do, but we'll do something," Dutchy said.

Jimmy jiggled himself up and sat on the limb again and there were funny noises in his head for a second like loud whispering. Then they stopped and he shinnied down and gave Dutchy a shove.

"You quit that now," Dutchy said.

Jimmy gave him another shove. "Let's go home and get our migs," he said.

DUTCHY didn't say anything but just backed up. He looked kind of mad. Then Jimmy shoved him again and he fell down. Jimmy hadn't meant to do that, so he started to help him up. But Dutchy wouldn't have it and got up himself. He wouldn't look at Jimmy. His mouth was working kind of funny.

"Hey, Dutchy," Jimmy said.

Dutchy didn't say anything, just brushed at his sleeve. There wasn't anything on it but a little mud.

"Hey, Dutchy," Jimmy said. "You aren't mad, are you?"

Dutchy didn't answer.

"I was just fooling," Jimmy said. "Don't be a gresser."

"It's *gretzer*," Dutchy said, brushing at his sleeve and not looking up.

"Well, don't be it," Jimmy said. He did a cartwheel. It was a pretty good one. Dutchy didn't pay any attention. Then Jimmy had an idea.

"Hey, Dutchy," he said. "I know

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what. Let's make old Hoffmeyer mad. Come on. What do you say?"

"No," Dutchy said.

"Oh, come on," Jimmy coaxed. "Why not for crimes' sake?"

Dutchy looked up. He wasn't so mad any more.

"Why not, Dutchy?" Jimmy said.

Dutchy looked at his toes again. "He's a hexer," he said in a funny voice, kind of as though he didn't want to say it.

JIMMY booed. "He is not," he said. "There aren't any such things."

"That's all *you* know," Dutchy said. He kept looking at his toes and one wiggled.

"Well, there aren't," Jimmy said. "My father says they aren't. I asked."

"I guess your pop don't know everything," Dutchy said.

"I guess he knows more than *yours*," Jimmy said. His was only a farmer who couldn't even write his name. Jimmy knew because that was another reason why Mother didn't like him to play with Dutchy so much.

"Well, he don't know about old Hoffmeyer," Dutchy said. "I ain't even supposed to go near his place."

"Why not?" Jimmy asked.

"Because he's a hexer," Dutchy said. "I just told you."

"What could he do?"

Dutchy picked up a pebble with his toes. "He could do enough," he said. "He could make a cow give bloody milk, so he could."

"Aw," Jimmy said.

"He could turn hisself into a sow if he wanted to," Dutchy said. "He's got the Evil Eye, that's what."

"You're bats," Jimmy said.

"Mrs. Bentz got sick once," Dutchy said, not listening. "She was took something terrible. She very near died. She had the erysipelas, so she had. The doctor couldn't do nothing. Then they got old Hoffmeyer and he burned a stick over her and drawed out the fire." Dutchy stopped and nodded. "He knew why he did that all right."

"Why," Jimmy said. "Why did he?"

"Because he put it in her, the fire," Dutchy said. "Mr. Bentz would have shot him if he hadn't drawed it out again. He said so."

"Aw, Mr. Bentz is crazy himself," Jimmy said.

"He is not."

"He is. He's simple-minded," Jimmy said. "That's the same as crazy. My mother says so."

"Your mother thinks she knows so much," Dutchy said.

HE SHOULDN'T have said that about Jimmy's mother. It made Jimmy mad. He kept his temper, though. He picked up a stone and chucked it as hard as he could. Then he turned around very quick and looked Dutchy in the eye the way explorers do to stop lions when they're charging. "I know what's the matter," he said. "You're *scared*."

"I ain't," Dutchy said.

"You are so," Jimmy said. "You're as scared as can be. You'd be scared of a rabbit."

"You think you're awful smart," Dutchy said.

"You're scared right now," Jimmy said. "Better run along home to mama before it gets dark — baby."

"You shut up." Dutchy was getting mad. Jimmy could tell. He

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didn't care. He could have licked him with his hands tied. "Mr. Smarty," Dutchy said. "You know it all."

"Go on home," Jimmy said. "Go on. Your mama wants you. She wants to read you a bedtime story."

Dutchy's face was all red and his eyes were kind of poppy. "You shut your big trap," he said.

"You make me," Jimmy said. He put up his mitts and took a step nearer Dutchy. Dutchy backed right off. "Go ahead," Jimmy said. "Make me."

Dutchy didn't say anything. They stood there eyeing each other. After a while Jimmy put down his mitts. "I wouldn't want you along anyways," he said. "You'd prob'ly cry. I'm going to do it myself."

Dutchy didn't say anything. Jimmy stood there a little longer. Then he turned and walked down the road. When he got around the bend he turned around and Dutchy was still standing there. He looked like he might be going to cry just like Jimmy had said. Then Jimmy went around the bend all the way and he couldn't see Dutchy any more.

* * *

DR. HOFFMEYER ate a sizable meal that day: ham, eggs, two helpings of lard-soaked potatoes, bread, coffee, following one another in quick, country fashion; and when he had finished, his good temper restored almost intact, he wiped his moustaches carefully, pushed the soiled dishes to the table's center and brought out a great leather tobacco pouch.

His day was before him. But not yet, not quite yet. For a little while he would just sit back in his chair and chew and study: think of his secure position as the county's leading pow-wow practitioner, of his barn full of good tobacco leaves and of the neat columns of figures in his bank book. Life would seem very good to him as he lolled back, his old eyes fixing the framed benediction on the wall before him:

"*In den drey allerhochsten Namen,*
Vater, Sohn und Heil'ger Geist,
Dies das chor der Engel priesst
Gesunheit, Ru' und Segen, amen."

He said the words of the benediction over to himself. He said them twice. Then, his pious mood still on him, directing him, he rose, went to the tall corner-cupboard and pulled open its top drawer. His day had begun as, in the sight of God, all days should.

* * *

JIMMY walked slow. It wasn't going to be any fun, making old Hoffmeyer mad all by himself. He walked slow. Then he heard somebody running behind him. He looked around and it was Dutchy.

"Hey, Jimmy," Dutchy called.

Jimmy just walked faster.

"Hey, you Jimmy," Dutchy called.

"What do you want?" Jimmy said, not stopping.

"Wait a sec," Dutchy said. "Wait once, can't you?"

Jimmy stopped and Dutchy caught up to him. Dutchy's face was all red from running and he was out of breath.

"What's the matter?" Jimmy said "I thought you weren't coming along."

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"Aw," Dutchy said.

Jimmy started walking again.

"Hey, Jimmy."

"What do you want?"

"I'm coming along."

"Well, nobody's holding you I can see," Jimmy said. "I haven't got all day to wait for you neither."

Dutchy got into step with Jimmy and they went along without talking. They were almost there now. The house was off the main road. You went up a lane and around a bend and you were there. It was just a little place. Just before they got there, Jimmy stooped down and picked up a rock.

"What you going to do?" Dutchy said. He said it almost in a whisper. He was scared. Jimmy didn't tell him but just looked at him. They kept on walking. Then they were around the bend and in front of the house.

"What you going to do?" Dutchy whispered.

Jimmy didn't answer that time either. He just changed the rock into his right hand, wound up and let fly. It zinged right against the door and fell bang onto the porch.

"Ai-yi-yi," Dutchy said, grabbing the seat of his pants and jumping back. "Ai-yi-yi" — over and over again like it was a song.

"That's nothing," Jimmy said. "That wasn't anything. Watch this!"

* * *

DR. HOFFMEYER stood before the open cupboard drawer a long while, regarding the three paper-bound volumes whose odd titles blandly invited a choice. He lifted out the first — *The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses* — and weighed it in his palm. Shaking his head, he replaced it almost immediately and took up the second. This — *The Albertus Magnus or Approved, Verified and Natural Egyptian Secrets For Man and Beast* — he leafed through desultorily. Shaking his head once more, he replaced it, and brought out the third.

With this — *John Hohman's Pow-Wows or The Long Lost Friend* — he returned to the table. There, after a moment's solemn reflection, he sat down, fixed his spectacles on his nose, opened to the table of contents, and began running his finger down the page. Several lines from the bottom he paused. Fixing his glasses more firmly, he felt within his vest pocket, extricated a battered notebook and pencil, and settled down to business in earnest.

VERY laboriously, with a great screwing together of his eyebrows, he copied into the notebook: "A Very Good Cure For The White Swelling. . . . Write the following words upon a paper and wrap it up in knot-grass (*breiten megrieh*) and then tie it upon the body of the person who has the swelling. *Potmat sineat, potmat sineat, potmat sineat.*"

When he had finished, he sighed and sat back to rest a bit. Then he leaned forward once more, smoothed out the page, and fell to comparing the transcription with the original. At this moment a loud thump sounded upon the door, followed an instant later by a sickening crash of the window pane.

Dr. Hoffmeyer started up in a rain of glass.

* * *

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THE rock sailed right at the house, missing the door, and went straight through the window.

"Ai-yi-yi," Dutchy was going on. "Ai-yi-yi."

Then they both started to run. Jimmy heard old Hoffmeyer yelling and cussing. He was chasing up and down the porch and shaking his fist. Then he jumped down and came after them.

Jimmy ran as fast as he could. Dutchy was ahead of him. Jimmy could see the back of his neck and hear him blowing and half bawling. He'd started to shake and he was yelling:

"I didn't do it, Mr. Hoffmeyer. I didn't do it."

He was making funny noises besides the blowing, too, and he was kind of zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other with his hand up over his face. Then Jimmy got ahead of him and saw that he was bawling really.

"I didn't do it," he was saying. "I didn't. No, I didn't."

Then Jimmy turned and saw old Hoffmeyer standing in the middle of the road and shaking his fist.

When he got around the bend Jimmy stopped to wait for Dutchy. Dutchy's face was white and gray now instead of red and he was blowing something awful and just as he got to Jimmy he kind of staggered and sat down.

"It's all right, Dutchy," Jimmy said. "He ain't coming."

But Dutchy didn't seem to hear. He just sat there, blowing and making those funny noises, whimpering kind of. His eyes were funny, too, as though he was seeing something a long way off.

"Cut it out now," Jimmy said. "Cut it out, Dutchy. We're all right."

Then Dutchy moved his mouth but he didn't say anything. Jimmy was kind of scared then. "Dutchy," he said. "Hey, Dutchy, what's the matter?"

Dutchy sort of made as though he was getting up, but didn't. Spit began falling out of his mouth and his eyes rolled around. He was shaking all over. All of a sudden he jumped up and went around in a ring. Then he fell over. He landed on his back, kicking, and spit was all over his chin and he was staring straight up.

Jimmy took a long look at him like that. Then he began to run.

* * *

KATIE, coming to stand just within the doorway, watched Dr. Hoffmeyer's progress back to the porch with rapt attention. Her fingers worked purposelessly among the folds of her apron as she stared, and beneath her giant, bunioned feet bits of broken glass crackled and spit.

She saw his face, the color of cold dishwater, and the shaking of his brittle frame, and his aged hands, making sudden spasmodic gestures. The parody of a smile flickered an instant across her lips. He was — there was no doubt about it — getting old. . . .

As his shoe struck the bottom step, she moved further into the shadow of the doorway. His breath was coming in short, uncertain gasps now; she could hear it. On the third step he halted, obviously to steady himself. When with a long whistling sigh he began climbing again, she withdrew,

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crossing the kitchen noiselessly, into the front room.

There she stood against the door, listening. She heard him move heavily about the room, opening drawers, closing them. Then for a moment there was silence. In all probability, she thought, he was sitting down now, resting, and it was all she could manage to keep from suddenly opening the door and catching him at it. Then there sounded the scrape of his chair along the floor and a moment later, the bang of the door. He had gone out.

Katie opened the door and tiptoed across the kitchen to the window. From behind the red curtain, she watched him walk a bit unsteadily to the stable, watched him go inside. A few minutes later, she heard the Ford splutter into action, and he appeared again, sitting up very straight behind the quivering wheel. Suppressing a low chuckle, Katie turned back into the room.

FOR some time she stood without apparent purpose, looking. Bits of glass shone brightly up at her from every corner. A chair was out of position. On the table, where he had left it, *The Long Lost Friend* lay open.

Bending over it, she read, squinting:

> Whoever carries this book with him is safe from all his enemies, visible or invisible; and whoever has this book with him can not die without the holy corpse of Jesus Christ, nor drown in any water, nor burn up in any fire, nor can any unjust sentence be passed upon him. So help me.

A loud, contemptuous chuckle escaped her. She flipped the book shut. How Addie Klemmer would enjoy an account of the morning's events! How Addie would laugh, throwing her apron over her head and slapping her legs! Katie smiled to herself, thinking of it. Suddenly, on the impulse, she went to the cupboard and got her shawl. Her ironing could wait that long.

It was thus that, a little while later, on her way to Addie's, Katie stumbled over the still recumbent figure of Addie's youngest.

* * *

JIMMY snuck around the back way to the woodshed and went in. He shut the door behind him. It was dark in there and cool, and at first he couldn't see anything. He stood a minute with his back against the door, getting his wind back and trying to see. Then he felt his way over to the woodpile and sat down.

He pulled his wet shirt away from his back and kicked his shoes off and rolled his stockings down. He did it all very quietly. He could hear his garter snakes sliding around in their box, and it made him feel funny sort of. He never liked them so much in the dark. Then he sat still and hardly even breathed except when he had to.

He sat a long time. It seemed like all night. Once he heard an auto running. That was up at the house and it made him jump when he first heard it. Then he remembered that Mother said she was going to Lancaster this morning, so that's who it was. She would be gone most all day. He would be alone. All of a sudden, thinking about it and everything, he felt like crying.

He didn't cry, though. He counted sheep very fast instead. He counted

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almost a hundred and he shut his eyes tight, so he could do it better. But then he began to see Dutchy plainer than ever, so he opened them again. The sun was shining outside and chunks of it were trying to get through the cracks between the boards. He looked hard at one bright crack, counting sheep all the time, and kept looking at it.

At last after a terrible long time he heard the screen door slam and somebody come out on the back porch. "Jimmy," he heard then. "Jimmy — lunch!" Only she said it: "Chimmy, Chimmeeeee — lunge!" So he knew it was Violet and he thought of not paying any attention to her. But then most likely she would just come down to the woodshed and look for him.

So after she called a few more times, he got up. He got up very slowly, like there was something tied to his feet. He felt awful. He wished he was dead.

* * *

ALFRED ELIHU WHITSON, PH.D., author of *Pennsylvania Folkways* and *Tales of Lancaster Town*, nodded delightedly over his morning's "find." Dr. Whitson was a small man, slightly built, and perhaps the most noticeable things about him were the sprigs of long black hairs growing out of his ears and wrists. The "find" and object of his present pleasure lay in single splendor on the elegant Sheraton secretary before him. This was a yellowed newspaper clipping, dated June 2, 1875. It read in part:

> There are several superstitions connected with death and funerals in the country. One is that if the mother of a family is dying, the vinegar barrel must be shaken at the time to prevent the "mother" in it from dying. Said a man once in sober earnest to me, "I was sorry Mr. D. was not in the room when his wife died." "Where was he?" I asked. "Oh, in the cellar a-shaking the vinegar barrel; but if he had just told me, I would have done it and let him be in the room to see her take her last breath."

DR. WHITSON patted the frayed scrap and returned it carefully to its folder. It was precisely the anecdote needed to spice Chapter III. Such pointed conclusions might be drawn from it; and then also there was the matter of Human Appeal to be considered: so important nowadays when to be read at all, even by one's fellow ethnographists, one's material had to be presented entertainingly, or at least forcefully. "Forcefully" was perhaps the better word. And what a rare stroke that had been, too, getting to know the Hoffmeyer man, perhaps the last openly practising exponent of the genuine thing — a veritable Twentieth Century Doctor Dady! Why, the man was worth a chapter in himself!

Which reminded him that Hoffmeyer was due now. He turned, still smiling, and examined the handsome gilt timepiece behind him. As he did so, he ran over in his mind the questions which he proposed putting to Hoffmeyer this morning: the manner of using the witch-hazel rod in divining wells, for example; the properties of black hen's blood and the ever recurring red twine. The meaning of Poll-Evil, the Gravel and particularly the White Swelling, famous diseases for which powwow boasted numberless cures; and the gestures which went with the

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chanting of Ezekiel, 6th verse, 16th Chapter, in stopping dangerous blood flows and closing wounds. All these things Hoffmeyer would know. All these things Hoffmeyer could tell him. It was little wonder that Dr. Whitson smiled as he noted the hour. Ten minutes on he would be learning things that years of plodding through every volume in every library and museum in the world could not tell him.

* * *

DUTCHY looked up at Mom. He wasn't good at all. The room was going around like he was on a top and he was dry — so dry he could hardly talk. "I want to get up," he kept saying. He was half bawling. "I want to get up now." He didn't know what made him keep saying that.

"You lay still," Pop said.

Mom didn't say nothing. Her eyes were all funny from crying and her hair was strubly. She looked awful. And there was that Katie, standing over there with her arms folded across each other and her eyes like they was on fire.

"He done it," she kept saying. "He done it."

And Pop wasn't saying nothing but just looking back at her and his eyes were beginning to catch fire, too.

"Get the book," Katie kept saying. "Get the book off him, and he can't do you or yours nothing no more."

And Pop still didn't say it but his eyes got like hers more and more every second.

"Get the book."

"I want to get up."

"You lay still."

"Mom!"

"Get the book."

* * *

"GOOD heavens, man!" Dr. Whitson peered anxiously into Hoffmeyer's sick white face. "Sit down. Sit down. Do!"

And Dr. Hoffmeyer sat down. At the moment it seemed the most he was capable of doing. Dr. Whitson watched his parchment-colored hand crawl feebly along the arm of the chair to drop at last lifelessly into his thin lap. "I ain't so good today," he murmured, wetting his pallid lips. "Them cucumbers I et. . . ."

"Ah." Dr. Whitson removed his spectacles and polished them agitatedly on his coat front. So that's what it was. Simply an attack of indigestion. Thank God! Thank God for that! If anything should happen before the completion of the book. . . . ! "I see. I see. Well . . ." He pinched the spectacles back upon his nose and smiled sympathetically. "We don't grow any younger, any of us, do we? Perhaps (with a great effort of will, he made himself go on). . . . Perhaps you would rather forego today's — ah — interview."

A heartening speck of color appeared in Dr. Hoffmeyer's cheek. "No." He pulled himself upright in the chair. "I'm not that bad. Just . . ."

"Tired," Dr. Whitson supplied quickly. "I see." He turned and busied his hands among the papers on the secretary. "In that case," he went on, hurrying his words a little. "In that case. . . . Hmm, let me see. Where were we? Ah yes! The

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white swelling business, wasn't it?"

"I know what you mean now," Dr. Hoffmeyer put in.

"Ah — exactly." Dr. Whitson took his place at the secretary.

"It took me a while to get on to what you wanted about it."

Dr. Whitson smiled again. This time, however, there was less sympathy than patience in his smile. "But you have it. Very good. Now if you will . . ."

A spark of the old cunning shone an instant in Dr. Hoffmeyer's glance. He sat suddenly forward. "I had to buy a book off a certain party," he said.

Whereupon the smile, all smiles, disappeared from Dr. Whitson's countenance. So that's how it was. The avidity of these people! He removed the spectacles again and balanced them a moment between his sensitive fingers.

"Look here, my good man," he said, clearing his throat. "We had our agreement: three dollars an interview, if I'm not mistaken. That is just one dollar and fifty cents in excess of the charges for your — ah— professional services, I understand. Do I make myself clear?"

Apparently not, for Dr. Hoffmeyer's expression did not change. "I had to buy the book," he repeated dully. And looking at him, Dr. Whitson saw that there was no use.

"Very well," he sighed. "What was the price?"

* * *

After lunch Jimmy went up to his room and looked in the mirror. He looked just the same. He'd thought it must show in his face, like it did if you were bad for a long time without stopping. Then he remembered that Violet hadn't seemed to notice anything either. He felt better when he thought of that.

He felt all tired out and lay down on the floor. Then he heard Violet moving around below. She might come up and see him lying there. So he got up again and went downstairs.

He went out on the porch. He felt better there than upstairs. After a while he decided to go down to the creek. There were water snakes there sometimes and sometimes you could catch one.

But when he got there, there weren't any snakes. There was only a turtle. He stood on the bank watching it swim around. It was just a baby one and yet the water hardly covered it. The creek was low. When the turtle burrowed down under a stone and lay still, he waded in after it.

After he had it, he sat down on the bank and turned it on its back. It put its head out and then its feet. He touched one foot and it closed itself up again, making a funny sucking noise. Then it peeped out again. It began to kick. All of a sudden, looking at it, he remembered Dutchy. He began to feel awful. He was going to cry. . . .

Letting himself fall back on the bank, Jimmy put his arms behind his head and looked up, up, up, winking back the tears, straight to the sky.

* * *

"The flowers of the peach-tree, prepared as a salad, are of use in curing dropsy. Six or seven peeled

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kernels of peach-stones, eaten daily, will cure the gravel. These are also said to prevent drunkenness, when eaten before meals."

Dr. Whitson's elegiac tones expired slowly in the heat of the room as he glanced gravely up from the paper to Dr. Hoffmeyer. "Is that all?" he asked.

DR. HOFFMEYER felt his chin meditatively. "Well," he said after due deliberation, "if a body loses their hair, of course, they should pound up some peach kernels and mix them with vinegar and put them on the bald place." He glanced significantly at Dr. Whitson's shining tonsure.

"I see." Dr. Whitson made a brief notation at the bottom of the sheet. "Paste of peach kernels and vinegar: hair restorer." "I see." He blotted the page and waved it a moment in the air.

"The water off peach flowers is good too," Dr. Hoffmeyer said. "I give it to young folks when they have the worms."

"Ah!" Dr. Whitson made a second notation. "Water distilled from peach blossoms destroys human parasites." Once more he blotted the page. "I think," he said after a long silence during which he carefully drew lines through certain notes and checked others, "I think that that will be sufficient for this afternoon." He rose, rubbing his hands. "When I have put these notes in order," indicating the pile of copy paper before him, "we can — ah — continue."

Dr. Hoffmeyer rose in his turn. He stood a moment, regaining his equilibrium — hardly more than a bundle of old clothes on a stick. Dr. Whitson held out the soiled bill which had been between them all that afternoon.

"I trust," he said, "that there will be no further occasion for your buying — ah — books. I should really prefer, if I may say so, that your — ah — contributions should come directly from experience. Do I make myself clear?"

Dr. Hoffmeyer took the bill, saying nothing.

"Good afternoon," said Dr. Whitson.

Dr. Hoffmeyer bowed stiffly. "I bid you the time," he said grandly and shuffled out of the room.

Dr. Whitson looked after him puzzledly. If only one could get at the back of these peoples' minds! What a book that would make! Shrugging his thin shoulders, he turned back to the secretary and commenced the weary business of sorting the packet of notes.

* * *

WHEN the first drop of rain fell, Jimmy sat up. At first he didn't know where he was. He looked around him and saw the creek. Then he remembered. He got up and stood a minute rubbing his eyes. It was raining pretty hard now. He felt it on his face and hands. He turned his face up to the sky, feeling it splash cold, and he shivered a little, he didn't know why. Then it began to come down harder. There was a boom of thunder. He turned and ran as fast as he could back to the house.

The door banged shut behind him in the wind, making him jump. "Jimmy," somebody called, "is that

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you, dear?" Mother was back! He didn't think, but raced as fast as ever he could, faster even than he'd come up from the creek, and he was calling, "Yes, yes," and Mother was at the end of the hall, waiting for him, her arms stretched out. "Just you wait," she was saying. "Just you wait till you hear the surprise I have for *you*. . . ."

* * *

It was past four o'clock when finally Dr. Hoffmeyer turned toward home. The light, curiously, was more like that of early morning than late afternoon. The roadsides, spattered with small flowers, were still green and fresh. Overhead, new leaves stirred slightly in a gently rising wind.

Dr. Hoffmeyer, sitting stiffly upright behind the wheel, could not help but feel something of it; and when a little beyond Steitzville the last stray villages were left behind, he relaxed his straining attention and let the engine die slowly down to a soft hum.

A sigh of infinite relief escaped him then. For the first time that day he felt his breath come easily, the band about his head lift. The subtle sense of foreboding, which had pursued him since morning and for which he was able to find no rational explanation, slipped away from him. And suddenly he was at peace: at peace with the day, with the difficulties which had marked it, with himself. Once more he felt himself Doc Hoffmeyer, rich, respected, a power in his world — Somebody.

And all the way home, through the first casual raindrops, through the gathering storm, he retained this new-found identity; so that when at last he steered into his own lane and stepped out on his own good earth, it was as a lord come home to his manor. "Katie!" he called then imperiously. "You Katie!"

But Katie did not answer. No one answered. For a moment after his voice had died away, Dr. Hoffmeyer stood stock still. To be cheated of his moment like this! He could hardly believe it. Then the blood rose in his cheeks. His teeth shut tight on their lower lip. With a vicious kick at a weed in his path (more evidence of Katie's neglect of him and his), he stalked straight up the walk and into the house. He did not notice that the door was, oddly, unlatched. He did not notice the bottles and glasses overturned on his kitchen table. He noticed nothing until his eyes met those of the three men, watching him from the doorway. A short astonished cry escaped him then. He whirled suddenly around. . . .

Upstairs, Katie came abruptly to a stand, as though impelled.

* * *

"A pony," Jimmy was saying. "Have I got a pony, Mother?" He was jumping up and down in his excitement.

"Better than that," Mother said. "Better than that, honey." And she was laughing, even her eyes were laughing. She was most excited as he. "We're going away," she said. "Far, far away, you and Daddy and me." She pushed him off, still holding onto his shoulders and looking down at him with her eyes all shining and laughing like that. "What

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do you think of that?" she said. "Whatever do you think of that?"

"Why?" he said. "Why, Mother?" He didn't know what he thought.

"Because," she said — "Because that nice old Dr. Whitson got Daddy a fine new position. . . . And you'll be in a nice school," she said, "and we'll have a great big wonderful new house and maybe there'll be a pony there. . . ." She stopped, all out of breath and laughing so, she could hardly talk. She took his two hands and clapped them together for him. "Think of that," she said. "Just think of that!"

And all of a sudden he was glad, too. Gladder than he'd been all day. Gladder most than he'd ever been before. "When?" he said. He was jumping up and down and she was clapping his hands together and they were so glad and happy. "When, Mother — when are we going?"

* * *

The rain had been coming down steadily all that hour but now, a little after dusk, it had begun to slack off a bit and a pale moon was showing in the twilight sky.

Katie stood in the doorway of the house, looking at it, and at the wet fields, in the shifting light, below her, and at the dark road, trailing its rocky way into Lancaster down there.

Her fingers crept mindlessly over her face as she looked, felt of her eyes, her nose, her rigid mouth. On her cold lips they lingered heavily, and suddenly, with a savage grimace, she bit down on them: down, down to the bone. The blankness went out of her stare, then. Her knees buckled under her. She sat down. In the soft insinuating silence from the room behind her, she began to scream. . . .

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An Evangelical's Defense

By Frank E. Gaebelein

In which some critical heads are knocked together

In a recent magazine article James Truslow Adams acutely diagnosed certain trends in American life. Among these he pointed out the preference of "impressions to thought, facts to ideas." And as one surveys the state of religion, especially Protestantism, with its waning influence among the intelligentsia, he is struck with the prevalence of this particular trend, albeit in somewhat different guise. For by making Mr. Adams's phrase read "the preference of impressions to facts," one is able exactly to place his finger upon the most common and at the same time most misleading fallacy of American religious thinking today.

To take a specific instance, observe the reckless generalization with which the average sophisticate brands all evangelical Christianity as outworn dogma long since abandoned by enlightened minds. The mere term "orthodox" or, even worse, "fundamentalist" suggests the "vestigial intellect," to use Dr. Glenn Frank's clever phrase. That one can retain his intellectual integrity while actually believing the tenets of some branch of the evangelical Christian faith is for many today a cause of authentic wonder. The unfettered thinker of the Twentieth Century has a misconception of the convictions of the evangelical believer that is, to say the very least, grotesque. Such a believer or, whisper the word, fundamentalist perforce must think that the world was created on a certain fine day in the year 4004 B.C. That this date never was in the Old Testament, that it represents but the calculation of a Seventeenth Century Irish archbishop, that no enlightened Christian of the present insists upon its authority bears little weight. The Clarence Darrows of the future will bring it up at future evolution trials just as Mr. Clarence Darrow pounced upon it at Dayton, Tennessee. One can only hope that the next William Jennings Bryan will be on this point a little more alert than was his illustrious predecessor!

Thus also the intelligentsia will continue to insist that evangelical orthodoxy carries with it the dogma that the apostles and prophets, being divinely inspired, were therefore mere mechanical dictaphones of the Almighty, that every sentence of the Bible is spiritual revelation binding in daily life, and

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that the Bible contains not the slightest error in transmission, punctuation, or translation. If this seem like *reductio ad absurdum*, one need but turn to page 172 of *The Twilight of Christianity*, where Harry Elmer Barnes seriously informs his readers that "the typical believer takes it for granted that God dictated the Bible in the language of the King James Version (or, if a German, in the language of Luther's translation)." As a facetious liberalist once wrote, fundamentalists believe that one fair morning God dispatched to this planet a corps of angels bearing a copious edition of King James Bibles freshly printed and neatly bound in black leather with gilt-edged pages. The evangelical may assert that he believes nothing of the sort. He may insist that his view of inspiration goes back to the original documents, taking into account the scribal errors, the textual and translator's variations, and that it leaves to the individual writers full scope for the exercise of their own literary personalities. It makes not the slightest difference. The caricature persists. The idea of Biblical inspiration simply must be an impossible dogma.

So it goes. The orthodox view of the atonement is lampooned as a horrible doctrine savoring of the slaughter-house and the dark days of barbarism. Conversion is made synonymous with "hit the trail" methods of high-pressure revivalism or else confused with psychological complexes, while foreign missionaries in general are thought to bear a remarkable likeness to a certain character in Somerset Maugham's *Rain*. There is indeed an urgent need for a dispassionate research into the strange misconceptions that the intelligentsia so often imagine represent the evangelical Christian believer of today. Suffice it to say that the straw man does not exist and, to this writer's knowledge, never did exist among the large body of persons of education and cultivation who somehow manage, even in the face of the jibes of Harry Elmer Barnes, H. L. Mencken, and many another to maintain both faith and intellectual integrity.

What then does the intelligent evangelical really believe? By what mental processes does he reconcile his Sixteenth or, to be exact, his First Century faith with Twentieth Century categories of philosophy and science?

First of all, the intelligent evangelical bases his religious thinking essentially on facts. For him the question of the historicity of the Bible, especially of the New Testament records, is fundamental. Christianity is a religion of fact. Either Christ did or did not live, teach, and minister in ancient Palestine. Whether Christ died upon the Cross of Calvary is again at bottom an historic question. So also is the inescapable problem of the resurrection, though modern men are prone to forget that this vital event too is capable of historic demonstration. Back in the Eighteenth Century Gilbert West in the confidence of his deism set out to overthrow the historicity of the resurrection, examined the evidence, and was converted in writing his memorable *Observations on the History and Evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ*, an argument which

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Dr. Samuel Johnson declared impregnable. In 1930 Frank Morison, instead of writing the skeptical treatise he had long contemplated, published instead his fascinating psychological study, *Who Moved the Stone?* The empty tomb, he found, is not so easily explained away as those who, lacking first-hand study of the sources, fondly believe. One may speak glibly of a spiritual resurrection, of overwrought and nervously unstable disciples, or of the vision theory of Strauss, but the disturbing fact of the rolled-away stone, the empty tomb, and the undeniably far-reaching and cumulative influences of that first Easter morning remain. Like Paul, the evangelical believer of today looks at this question from an intensely practical point of view. "If Christ be not risen from the dead," declared the apostle, "then is your faith vain; ye are yet in your sins."

BUT he is, this evangelical of 1931, gravely concerned with the necessity for straight thinking on matters that seem to him eternally significant. Recognizing the fundamental supernaturalism of New Testament Christianity and the prevalent naturalistic color of modern philosophies and science, he honestly tries to base his belief on solid fact. That the supernatural elements in Christ's life are not reproduceable today does not greatly concern him, for he is able to detect the shallowness of the mere uniformitarian argument against the miraculous in the past. But that the documents which attest the historicity of the facts on which Christianity rests be authenticated seems to him all-important. For, after all, every great event of antiquity is known to us on documentary evidence of one kind or another, nothing more nor less. Thus he follows the findings of New Testament criticism, and notes with deep interest that, however much the most radical of the higher critics may pare down the synoptic gospels, still the core remains supernaturalistic. Such a frankly evangelical and even supernaturalistic attitude as that of Karl Barth of Germany and his followers seems to him a significant trend to be emanating from the fountain-head of higher criticism.

BUT, in requiring intellectual integrity of himself, the evangelical logically enough asks the same virtue of those who so casually caricature his views. He thinks, in short, that the critics themselves should cultivate a critical attitude of mind, yet in this seems to find them lacking. Asked for an example, he might again refer to *The Twilight of Christianity*, where on pages 174 and 175 Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes quotes an anthology of scriptural obscenity. John viii, asserts Dr. Barnes's authority, tells of Christ and the woman taken in adultery and is therefore obscene, while Luke i states that the Angel Gabriel impregnated Elizabeth! Which is obscene, this book or the Bible? Can any intelligent reader examine the morally stirring story of John viii ("He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone. . . . Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more") and call this magnificent display of discerning mercy obscene? And can anyone, prejudiced or unprejudiced, cite in

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support of the second coarse insinuation a single sentence from the tactful and beautiful narrative of "the beloved physician?" It is difficult for the intelligent evangelical to understand how a writer trained in scientific method can publish such preposterous inferences and retain withal his intellectual integrity.

WHILE the believer could digress largely on this point, he must content himself with only one or two more instances. In his credo in a recent issue of *The Forum*, Mr. H. L. Mencken likens the reliability of the authors of the four gospels to that of four darkies in the police court. Now Mr. Mencken has probably read the older German higher critics, but is he not aware of Harnack's conservative position on the third gospel, has he never heard of the archæological researches of Sir William Ramsay in confirmation of the reliability of Luke as an historian, and does he not know of the admitted historicity of the Marcan narrative? Mr. George Jean Nathan's frank essay in the same series contains a delightful example of the modern attitude toward religion. "I am for all religions equally, as all impress me as being equally hollow." Once more, impression preferred to fact. In a single sentence the great quest of the ages is dispatched. Jove has spoken! One may smile at the wrong-headed cleverness of Messrs. Mencken and Nathan, yet at the same time detect the propensity of their type of mind to prefer mere verbal cleverness to truth. The Macaulay style is interesting but not always reliable.

And so, because he desires to hold his faith in full intellectual honesty, the evangelical endeavors to recognize facts when proved instead of continuing to hold in their place outworn conjectures no matter what scholarly sanction these conjectures may have. But here again he finds much modern thought to be actually behind the times. Rabbi Lewis Browne's highly praised *This Believing World* is fascinating reading, but hardly up-to-date when it describes the life and times of the patriarch Abraham as those of primitive nomad sheiks. The excavations at Ur of the Chaldees made by Professor C. Leonard Woolley, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, demand in place of modern higher-critical preconceptions a new view of that early time. As Dr. Woolley asserts in his *Ur of the Chaldees:* "We must revise considerably our ideas of the Hebrew patriarch when we learn that his earlier years were spent in such sophisticated surroundings; he was the citizen of a great city and inherited the tradition of an ancient and highly organized civilization."

SO THE flood of Genesis has long been traced to a Babylonian myth portraying the passage of the sun god in his boat through the heavenly ocean. Yet Dr. Woolley's excavations have actually unearthed eight feet of sediment that could have been deposited only by a deluge of unparalleled proportions! Similarly, archæological investigations of the Ziggurats of Mesopotamia afford a basis for an actual Tower of Babel, while excavations in Palestine have shown us that the walls of Jericho fell after all. For years every liberal

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Old Testament scholar has maintained with utmost confidence that the Book of Daniel dates from the time of Antiochus Epiphanes (c. 170 B.C.) rather than from the Sixth Century B.C. when the historic Daniel lived. This conclusion has long been a commonplace of Biblical criticism. But on January 10th, 1931, the New York *Times* carried a significant statement by Sir Charles Marston, British archæologist. "Many biblical archæologists have doubted the authenticity of the Book of Daniel," said Sir Charles, "but this discovery does much to confirm the historical accuracy of the story of King Belshazzar. Cuneiform writings of the Sixth Century B.C., inscribed on clay tablets nearly 2,500 years ago, have already been deciphered, giving clear-cut evidence of the reality of Belshazzar and remarkable confirmation of the subject matter of the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel. I believe the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel ranks next to cuneiform literature in accuracy, so far as outstanding events are concerned." Unfortunately higher-critical scholarship is loath to revise its "assured results," so that the intelligentsia who neither read the Bible nor derive their view of its trustworthiness from first-hand sources are still bound by the conjectures of a past generation.

All of this teaches the intelligent evangelical a valuable lesson. In religion as in science, one must keep abreast of the times and prefer facts to opinions, even though the latter emanate from ecclesiastical strongholds of specialized scholarship.

In the next place, the intelligent evangelical is something of a pragmatist in his attitude toward the practical aspects of religion. He evaluates his faith to a considerable extent on the fact that it works. Personally he himself is a proof of the efficacy of what he believes. Like his Master he knows true spirituality to be primarily of the heart rather than the head. Thus his own inner experience is an incontestable evidence of the validity of his beliefs. Neither Pharisaical argument nor threat could overthrow the disturbing testimony of the blind man whom Christ healed at the pool of Siloam. "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see," was his unanswerable retort. Likewise the evangelical Christian knows "one thing" — the inner deliverance brought him through contact with his Lord. It matters little whether this deliverance has been a sudden release from enslaving habit and bestial degradation as in the case histories so dramatically portrayed in a book like Harold Begbie's *Twice-born Men*, or whether the deathless Galilean has brought inward peace to a life outwardly happy and perhaps even unconscious of its spiritual need. The fact of the deliverance, change, or conversion, call it what you will, remains and will remain indestructible so long as human personality persists.

Objectively, the evangelical Christian sees plenty of evidence that the New Testament faith still works whenever sincerely practised. The general civilizing influence of foreign missions, the well-nigh incredible record of John G. Paton in the New Hebrides or the transform-

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ing results even now being achieved by the Abel family in cannibalistic New Guinea, the life-time of answered prayer of George Müller of Ashley Down, Bristol, the abiding results of D. L. Moody's ministry are but a very few examples. Nor can it be forgotten that the achievements of men like David Livingstone and Sir Wilfred Grenfell have been motivated solely by loyalty to Christ.

DURING his famous voyage on the *Beagle*, Darwin tried vainly to get in touch with the aborigines of Tierra del Fuego. Finally he was forced to the depressing conclusion that people so degraded were incapable of civilization. Later after twenty-eight years of heroic effort, a mission station was established on Tierra del Fuego, and Darwin, having personally seen some of the converts, wrote as follows to the South American Missionary Society: "The work of the Tierra del Fuego Mission is most wonderful and charms me, as I had always prophesied utter failure. It is a grand success. I shall feel proud if your committee think fit to elect me an honorary member."

The objective evidence for the New Testament faith is not, however, confined only to foreign lands and degraded tribes. "The varieties of religious experience" are many and are ever with us. He who wills to see can not help but realize that men and women everywhere in all stations of life are discovering God through the dynamic and infinite Personality of the Man of Galilee.

In his philosophy the intelligent evangelical is essentially Pauline. Like the humanists of the Irving Babbitt type, he is a dualist and believes in the discipline of the will. But in his forthright supernaturalism he goes beyond the humanistic position. In the last analysis the jibes of the intelligentsia, the failure of so many of the mentally eminent to comprehend the primary concepts of New Testament Christianity concern him little. For in such a passage as the second chapter of Paul's First Corinthian Epistle, he finds a thoroughly adequate explanation for the indifference of modern intellectualism to Christianity. "The natural man," according to the great apostle to the Gentiles, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And in yet another memorable phrase, Paul reminds his readers that the preaching of the Cross is to the Greeks sheer "foolishness." Far from being original, Paul is but following his Master who once pointed out to a member of the first-century Judean intelligentsia the single way of entrance into the kingdom of God. "Except a man be born again (literally, 'from above')," said Christ to Nicodemus in the vivid accents of divinity, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." The realm of the spiritual stands quite apart from the merely human plane; one enters it only through a transforming inner experience of God through Christ.

LITTLE wonder, then, that minds lacking this experience and, in some cases, by their very presuppositions unfitted for fair consideration of the subject, see in Christianity nothing but dogmas, ritual, or ideals outmoded by modern thought.

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Little wonder also that such minds fail woefully to grasp the elementary life-giving message of the Bible. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was an acute literary critic as well as a great poet, and he never wrote a wiser sentence than this aphorism: "The Bible without the Spirit is a sundial by moonlight."

Finally, the intelligent evangelical is a much more tolerant person than his caricaturists realize. The clashes of denominationalism, the aberrations of the organized church, he recognizes and deplores. When the church substitutes for the proclamation of the gospel the objectives of social and moral reform, he fears that it has deviated from its central purpose. However worthy and essential such objectives may be, they follow, not precede, the Christian evangel, and to give them the first place is to put the cart before the horse. Only, therefore, in so far as it obeys the great commission of Christ to make known the good news does he consider the organized church spiritually effective. True Christians he finds in many folds and even outside the recognized communions. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, many another creed have, in his mind, no monopoly on vital religion. The hall-mark of the real follower of Christ, the badge that unites all true believers, is, for him, a common acceptance and submission to the will of the Risen Christ, the divine Saviour, the One who, in the words of John the Baptist, "taketh away the sin of the world." Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, all the other great virtues he recognizes as essential indications of the Christian life. But he also realizes that these, as Paul says, are "the fruit of the Spirit," and that the one thing needful is the transforming personal relationship to Christ the Saviour.

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The Landowner's Lot

By Julius M. Nolte

A diagnosis of the ills of real estate, with suggested remedies

In one of his most successful after dinner speeches, a brilliant *fin de siècle* raconteur is said to have dwelt at eloquent length upon the trials and tribulations of the poor, gradually reducing his audience to straits so sympathetic that no eye remained undimmed. Then, at the climax of a moving peroration, the text of which was that something must be done about it, and done forthwith, the speaker oratorically proposed — three cheers for the poor. "Whereat they all did laugh full sore."

This incident is related, not to cast a scornful light upon what passed for humor in the gay nineties, but to provide an analogue for the attitude of the American people toward the fundamental substance of their own country, toward their own real estate. Like the poor, real estate has had latterly more than its own share of trouble, so much more than its share that graver men than Simeon Ford have waxed eloquent about it; but so far very little has been done about it more than to propose three rousing cheers. Just as the more fortunate among the citizens of a past century could shrug aside squalor and poverty in applauding a post-prandial incongruity, the present generation of Americans, conscious that the proprietor of real estate is staggering under an intolerable and discriminatory burden of taxation, awards the unfortunate landowner a conversational accolade, and continues to consume his substance.

This judgment, perhaps, may be unjust, resting as it does upon the assumption that people generally have taken the trouble to inform themselves upon the matter of the distribution of the tax burden. It may be that people generally do not know the salient features of our taxing system. If so, there is real need of popular education in this regard.

That much maligned being, the average citizen, at least realizes that something is wrong with real estate. So much is certain, because he not only is not buying it, but is trying in many ways to escape ownership of it. This habit of avoidance, moreover, can not be charged mainly to the stock market break or to the present depression, for the habit antedates both. The average citizen is in a quandary about real estate. He knows that it seems cheaper under

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present conditions to rent a home than to own one. He believes that most investments in real estate, whether in subdivision lots, in income properties, or in farm acreage, are destined to return little but anxiety to the investor. But for a few notable exceptions in localities where special conditions govern, he is right in his convictions. This knowledge of the average citizen is largely the product of hearsay, no doubt, but hearsay reinforced by some experience of his own during the past few years. His conclusions run counter to everything taught him in youth about the sanctity of the household, the security of realty values, and the probability of unending appreciation of real estate values. He is therefore at a loss to account for changed conditions, takes refuge in an ill-founded cynicism, and vaguely anathematizes the real estate business and those engaged in it, imputing to unscrupulous operators the blame for what has occurred, much as he tagged Wall Street with responsibility for the recent world-resounding crash of the stock market. Although there may be exceptions which emphasize the rule in both cases, he is as wrong about real estate as he was about the stock market. Real estate is suffering from the defects of its own admirable qualities.

Reflection upon recent economic history ought to make this point clear. It is hardly the fashion, probably because of its fixed nature and sentimental investiture, for people to regard real estate as a commodity; but in the eye of circumstance it is nothing else. It responds as do the members of the commodity list to market influences. Those dealing in real estate, therefore, might be expected to make, and did make, the same mistakes in judgment as their brethren in other fields. They suffered the same inventory losses and witnessed the same decline in values in both of the post-war depressions.

On the heels of the war came economists and sociologists to alarm us with prophecies of dire results from population pressure. The advance of the arts, they said, could not keep production ahead of consumption. Above all, we must do something about land: there was not enough to go round! Malthus was exhumed and revived; under a hundred aliases, the doughty old calamity howler wrote and lectured all over the United States. Operators in real estate, observing a rapid increase in the market values of realty, and not insensible to the barrage of gas shells from the publicists who proclaimed the disappearance of every variety of "marginal" land, acted in the same manner as did the dry goods merchants who believed that cotton and wool would never come down, and the grocers who thought that sugar and coffee would never come down, and the hardware merchants who thought that steel products would never come down. The real estate men, figuratively speaking, loaded their shelves. Like merchants in other lines, they also loaded the shelves of their customers.

Owners of real estate, whether for personal use or as wholesalers, suffered from the break of 1921 and succeeding years just as did dealers in and owners of other commodities. Farm lands, which quickly follow in

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price the capitalized value of their potential yield, came down with a thud echoing that of wheat and sugar and wool and cotton and steel and what not. Urban and potentially urban lands reacted more slowly, but none the less surely. Improved realty, owing to the habit of men to base its value on cost and to the existence of leases and contracts which had definite periods to run, declined more slowly. The final result, however, was the same with all classes of real estate as with the general commodity market. Investments subsided to speculations. Speculations sank to indubitable losses.

IT IS necessary to note that the foregoing facts did much to justify the new reputation of real estate as a mere commodity, and to destroy the reputation it had formerly enjoyed with our citizenry as the basis of national character and the hope of the nation in times of distress. The reason for this change was no doubt in part the decrease in the supply of available wild land and farm acreage, which had in other times always offered an escape to the impoverished and disappointed. It was chiefly, however, America's sudden realization that it was no longer primarily an agricultural nation. The proportion between the relative assets, human and material, engaged in farming and engaged in other pursuits had been reversed in a quarter-century of expansion. The social and economic norm had formerly been the rural community; it was now the urban center. The proportion of national income derived from farming in contradistinction to that derived from other pursuits had changed at a much greater rate. The numbers and the money devoted to farming and devoted to other enterprises had reversed themselves in percentage of the total involved; but the income derived from each had changed almost in multiples of the percentages. Farming, as an industry, in other words, has always produced income at a very moderate rate in ratio to capital invested. The newer forms of industry and business produced income expressed in multiples of the farming ratio. The same state of affairs shortly came to exist with respect to other forms of real estate. Land, therefore, became apparently much less important in our national economy. From being by far the greatest of our national assets, considered merely from an income basis, land had moved well down the list of productive facilities.

HAD this fact been taken directly into account, and measures promptly taken to show a recognition on the part of our various governments — State, local and National — that land had suffered this disability, real estate would have escaped much of the terrific load of depression that now encumbers it. For while dealers in other commodities can now see that the darkness obscuring them is only temporary, the realty dealer is convinced that for him the sun is likely to be forever in total eclipse.

The reason for this conviction is a simple one; but it has had surprisingly little attention from economists and from those engaged in the business of government. It is simply that as a nation we are still conducting our fiscal affairs on a tax system

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that is nearly mediaeval. Real estate, once the main support of American business, but now producing a very much lesser share of the national income, is still paying a proportion of the expense of State and local government estimated at from 78 to 85 per cent, and a proportion of the total tax burden estimated at 54 to over 60 per cent. Against these latter figures must be placed the estimates of the proportion of national income, realized and imputed, received from real estate. The optimistic place this figure at something under 25 per cent.

Of the national income, a quarter goes to real estate owners in that capacity; and out of this quarter the government takes approximately 55 per cent of its total expense budget. The remaining 75 per cent of the nation's income pays only about 45 per cent of the taxes. And of course the realty owners really pay their share of this 45 per cent, as do all consumers, in the form of tariff, sales and income taxes. It takes no sense of divination to see that a sociological system which depends for its revenue mainly upon a minority of its population receiving one fourth of the national income must swiftly accomplish the ruin of the class that is the victim of the discrimination. The gravity of the tax burden upon real estate is further emphasized when it is found that the contribution paid by realty owners totals at least 25 per cent of their gross income from real estate, and between 40 and 50 per cent of their net income.

The full significance of these staggering statements, moreover, is appreciated only when one realizes that the low rate of capital turnover common to real estate investment as a whole had already put it in an unfavorable light in the eyes of the investing public before the deflation period of 1921–22. There were exceptions to the general rule, of course, and the reader will think at once of Florida and other localities that have witnessed sporadic booms in the last decade. But, in their essence, most booms of this character were building booms more than realty booms; and while Florida was flourishing, equities in real estate generally throughout the Middle West were being slowly squeezed out of existence, largely by the weight of an already intolerable tax load which nevertheless continued to grow.

Exact figures are hard to obtain, because of the failure of real estate owners (particularly farmers) to keep accurate accounting records; but it is conservative to say that real estate and real estate improvements, on a nationwide inventory, have in the last decade returned much less than five per cent net per annum on the capital outlay. When the taxing authority seizes half of this return, to use a journalistic phrase, disaster looms.

Disaster looms because the allowable secure return from invested capital of all sorts is at least five per cent, and, during the last decade, has been consistently higher than that. The valuation of the real estate affected, from an investment standpoint, is therefore lessened by the capitalized value of that portion of the tax which brings the net return below the going interest rate. When

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such a condition persists, and grows worse, the owner suffers a continuing decrease in valuation. His commodity, moreover, placed more than ever at a disadvantage in comparison with other kinds of productive facilities, can not be sold. Stagnation finishes the work of demoralization. Distress brings on the market at forced sale those properties that can not be longer held. Sacrifice prices breed an unnatural competition for an already meager demand. The result is obvious. It is plain to all beholders all over the United States.

It is equally plain, of course, that taxes are not the only depressive factor in the real estate market. Urban properties have suffered a natural decline as the result of over-expansion during the after-war inflation period. Rural lands, which appreciated nearly in direct proportion to the rise in price of farm products, would naturally decline in much the same proportion. The point requiring emphasis, however, is the fact that in addition to such a natural decline we have in the case of real estate, alone of all commodities, a fixed tax, bearing no uniform relation to income, imposed under threat of expropriation, and effectually destroying any powers of resilience which the commodity might otherwise display. The tax, based usually on a valuation made in the time of inflation, falls on the owner of real estate at the lowest point of the curve of depression, its weight augmented by the increased purchasing power of the dollar.

Generally, too, the penalty exacted by society for non-payment of real estate taxes is swift and out of all proportion to the magnitude of the delinquency, involving nothing less than loss of all equity in the land affected, or, if redemption is made, payment with a high interest penalty on the amount of the delinquency for the period of its duration. Customarily, also, tax delinquency is a specified excuse for mortgage foreclosure. The delinquent taxpayer may find himself doubly embarrassed because of temporary stringency of funds.

Many taxes can be shifted, or transferred by those upon whom they are assessed, to the shoulders of others. Income taxes and numerous sales and special taxes, nominally paid by certain individuals and corporations, shortly find their way to the ultimate consumer of the products or services of the taxpayer. Some of the real estate tax is so shifted; but in the majority of instances the owner of real estate is also the consumer. Corporations using real estate as a necessary capital facility are as a rule successful in shifting the tax. Owners of income property often shift it; but shelter, office room and store area have declined in price along with comestibles and clothing, and the renter today often pays only part of his share of the tax. His landlord pays the rest. Home owners, farmers, owners of vacant land — for them there is no shifting of their burden. Today, because of our antiquated system, they collectively constitute society's "forgotten man" — except in the payment of taxes.

For the urban landowner, moreover, the story is not yet fully told. In addition to the general property

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tax, he must pay, almost generally throughout this country, the cost of municipal improvements which affect his real estate. In the days of dirt streets, inadequate lighting, wooden sidewalks and simple water and sewage systems, special assessments for such purposes were not unduly burdensome; but in these days of concrete highways and expensive sewage disposal plants they often raise unconscionably the cost of government to the home owner. It is generally argued that these improvements are for the use of the land and enhance its value; and there is truth in the contention. But it is also true that the owner must often pay through the nose for facilities which are enjoyed equally by many other members of the community who pay little or nothing, and that the owner must sometimes pay for "improvements" which actually bring him annoyance and discomfort. Taxes and assessments, through some quirk of human unreason, are popularly thought to be levied upon land and goods. They are not. They are always and forever paid by individuals. So-called "benefits to the land" are benefits to the community, or to the landowner, or to both. There is no reason other than tradition why the landowners should so generally bear nearly the entire burden of their cost.

ECONOMIC law, as we have recently rediscovered, has the inexorability of the tide, and, apparently, the vindictiveness of an adder. Disregard of the law brings a sure and absolute penalty. It therefore behooves us, as good citizens of the world, to learn the law and apply it, that our days may be long and prosperous. Ignorance of economic law does not mitigate the penalties for disobedience thereof. The law is the nearest approach we have to Shakespeare's "even handed justice." In so far as it concerns taxation, we have had a formulation of the law at least since 1776. As a people, however, we have been criminally inefficient in applying it.

THE first principle of taxation was well enunciated by Adam Smith in the *Wealth of Nations*, when he wrote: "The subjects of every state ought to contribute toward the support of the government, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State. The expense of government to the individuals of a great nation, is like the expense of management to the joint tenants of a great estate, who are all obliged to contribute in proportion to their respective interests in the estate. In the observation or neglect of this maxim consists what is called the equality or inequality of taxation."

As Adam Smith well knew, taxation can never be "equal," because of the varying standards of living among men. Surely, however, we can achieve a closer approximation to equality than a system which amerces a discriminatory penalty upon those individuals in our society — home owners and farmers — whom we ought particularly to respect and to encourage.

In spite of our misapplication of Adam Smith's principle, economic law will correct the land tax situation. It has already started to do so.

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But the way of economic law, like the way of natural law, is by no means always painless; and in this case there is a tragic irony in the fact that the very method of correction employed by economic law at first accelerates the effects of the evil it seeks to cure, much as an impounded stream continues disastrous flooding until the weight of water is sufficient to push aside or wear away the obstructing barrier. The method of economic cause and effect in curing the tax disease is the spread of tax delinquency, which has already mounted to consequential figures almost everywhere in the United States, and has seriously alarmed taxing authorities in the more sparsely settled areas. The ironic feature of this method is that the burden of the delinquency must be borne, and that it is borne in greatest proportion by the owners of real estate in the form of an increased general property tax. This, of course, by aggravating the injustice of the present system, hastens the day when thorough-going reform of our tax methods is inevitable.

THE method of delinquency is at best a slow and painful method. If it is allowed to run its course, it must necessarily entail the financial or spiritual ruin, or both, of a large minority of our citizenship. The instinct of attachment to land lies deep in man's nature; it has had for untold centuries the sanction of the *mores* of society. It is regarded as an admirable attribute, one worth fostering in the interests of social stability and a permanent culture. If the solution of the tax problem is left to the working of economic law, we shall be in a fair way to lose whatever benefits inhere in this instinct of possession. We shall inevitably suppress the instinct for at least a generation, if, indeed, we have not done so already. When natural conditions threaten civilization, we do not hesitate to alter them by such means as are available. We apply restoratives to tired land; we irrigate arid regions; we are constantly improving the ways of navigation; we spend unreckoned ingenuity on the acclimatizing of plants. Economic law is the analogue of natural processes; its workings are natural processes. Having been shown an evil, there is no reason why we should not eliminate it, provided that in the technique of elimination we do not run counter to the law itself.

THIS paper can not pretend to give a solution to the tax problem; but it can at least indicate general methods which show promise of success. It can, above all, emphasize and reëmphasize the fact that it is a national problem, regardless of its many local ramifications, and that the time for paltering and fussing with half-measures is already past.

Efforts of the latter sort have been and are being extensively tried. Many States have imposed income taxes, with the original thought of reducing the general property tax. These experiments, however, have either fallen into the evil way of politics, or operated too slowly to give any substantial relief. They have been cataplasms applied to surface sores when the diagnosis calls for a major operation. Cancer can not be cured with a mustard plaster. The general effect of State income taxes

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has no doubt been to reduce the percentage of the total tax borne by real estate. But in Wisconsin, where the tax is perhaps most successful, the relief has been small in percentage of the total tax; and real estate taxes have risen more proportionately since the adoption of the income tax than in the neighboring State of Minnesota, where the income tax is not employed. Income taxes, as so far applied, have undoubtedly helped to absorb the burden of tax delinquency; but the actual relief to real estate owners has been small. To be effective, income taxes must be vastly amplified, and so adjusted that they do not, as now, so often put an undue burden on urban dwellers.

ANOTHER mustard plaster generally applied is the sales tax. Where this is collected openly from a definite class of users, and allocated to a definite object connected with the commodity bearing the tax, it is successful. The pat example is the gasoline tax, now employed by a majority of the States for highway purposes. General economic opinion, however, is in substantial agreement with those who maintain that hidden sales taxes for general revenue purposes defeat one of the chief ends of taxation, which is to make the citizen tax-conscious, thereby whetting his civic interest and arousing him to awareness of his stake in government.

Some localities, notably the city of Chicago and the State of Ohio, did not even trust to the efficacy of plasters. Ohio operated with an axe. Chicago wrapped a dirty rag around the sore. The Ohio method was to limit by constitutional means the maximum rate of the general property tax without providing substitutes for the lost revenue. An appalling increase in bonded and floating indebtedness was the result, accompanied by a notable decline in the efficiency of local administration. Bond issues to pay salaries and coal bills are an economic evil comparable to the inequalities of the present system of taxation. Chicago's experience had a similar result; but it proceeded from mixed causes, among which the "racket" was not least. Discriminatory assessments, manipulated, for a consideration, by "racketeers" in the supposed interest of the disgruntled taxpayer, finally became so malodorous that the necessities of civic hygiene intervened. A re-assessment was finally made, during the progress of which taxes were not paid at all. To finance itself, the city had recourse to all methods theretofore used to raise money by bonding, and to some extra-legal methods, with the resulting probability that the taxpayers will lose in interest more than they gain by the new assessment.

IT WOULD seem that the most promising trend of tax reform would be indicated by the current counters among economic concepts. Individuals used to be regarded through the lens of "net worth." They are now appraised through the lorgnette of "income." The *ad valorem* method of taxation is the product of the days of Laban, when the measure of a man's station was the tale of his possessions. The lever of credit has altered our attitude toward achievement. "Ability to pay," Adam Smith's touchstone, is no longer a

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function of the mere sum of capital assets; it is a function of the accomplishments of capital, of the rate of capital turnover. A man with one steam shovel may be worth more economically than the owner of a thousand horses and graders.

PROOF of the fundamental soundness of the implications for taxation in the foregoing observations lies in the fact that in civilized countries of large population per unit area, where division of labor has necessarily proceeded far, the *ad valorem* method of taxing has long been discredited. In England, before the imposition of war levies on a catch-as-catch-can basis upset the traditional proportions, users of real estate paid substantially the same percentage of taxes as did owners of real estate in America. The tax, however, was levied upon income from real estate; and where there was no income, there was no tax. Users of lands which were non-income-producing occasionally paid nominal taxes based upon potential income use; and when sales were made, the unearned increment was sometimes taxed. This seems to be as close as the British cared to come to the *ad valorem* principle. Elsewhere in Europe, since the war, and as a result of war-bred exigencies, "capital levies" have been made on the *ad valorem* principle; but the proportion of these to the total annual tax collected has been but a small fraction of our annual general property tax percentage. It is only in America, "nourished in a creed outworn," that we have adhered, in a wholesale way, to the discarded percentage-of-capital theory.

We have adhered to it for a bewildering variety of reasons, which explain, but do not condone. We have clung to it because of "*laissez faire*," because our early theories of government curtailed the functions of the State and made taxes low. We have clung to it because our natural resources have for the most part kept us abundantly prosperous, because an expanding commercial life has brought a constantly broader standard of living and made taxes insignificant. We have clung to it because land was the early measure of wealth, because a general property tax on real estate was easy to apportion and easy to collect and easy to enforce. We have clung to it also because, in some manner beyond the understanding of ordinary intelligence, the man in the street — permanently so, if he doesn't watch out! — thinks of real estate taxes as something in which real estate operators are chiefly concerned, and because he looks upon any attempt to tell him the truth as the propaganda of an interested class.

IF THERE is truth in this latter belief, it is that such attempts at molding public opinion would naturally emanate from those whose incomes are high, from those who would rather pay, or see paid, a high and discriminatory realty tax than a fair income tax. As a nation, we have now reached a point in our economic development where, under the lash of depression, we must reform our behavior or suffer a senseless prolonging of our castigation.

There is abundant reason why every fair-minded citizen of the United States should become a partisan of

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tax reform. If public opinion can be sufficiently informed, the several States will find ways in which to redistribute the tax load. In some States, it may be accomplished by income taxes, in others by the use of various sales and other special taxes. In the long run, however, real reform can not be achieved by regarding substitute taxes either as a modest increment in State and local revenues, or as a concession reluctantly granted to a complaining minority. It may be permanently achieved only by frank recognition of the injustice of the present system, and by giving relief through an intelligent and thorough application of Adam Smith's principle: that he who earns shall pay.

Summer Arabesque

By Charles Ballard

Flowers on rainy days fold into hoods
and bend meekly,
while the happy drops patter and splash all about —
pizzicato — pizzicato —
and jolly little breezes scatter the sudden opals —
flying — flying.

On rainy days the huddled petals tremble a little —
shivering — shivering —
as the water comes down —
spilling — spilling —
scented
and cold
and silvery.

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The Gentleman from Maryland

By Henry Carter

An examination of Governor Ritchie in his qualifications for the job of President

Part I

Some fifteen years ago a rising young lawyer left one of the most promising practices in the State of Maryland to run for the office of Attorney General. A term in that position he reasoned would afford him a prestige and an experience which would be an extremely valuable asset in what had every prospect of being a distinguished and lucrative career at the bar. He served the term but he has not returned to that jealous mistress, the law. In public life he found a unique medium for the exercise of his very considerable talents and abilities, and so kindly did public life take to him that he has served eleven consecutive years as Governor of Maryland and has just entered upon a fourth term of four years with a popular majority even greater than any he has previously had in an unusually successful political career.

Mr. Coolidge is quoted as once having said that his favorite hobby was holding public office; Albert Ritchie, if asked, might with perfect justice and propriety describe his profession as "being Governor of Maryland," for his tenure of office has had a quality of permanence and solidity that is more usually associated with the practice of an established profession than with the holding of elective office. Governor Ritchie has become a professional Governor in the best sense of the word, and in so doing has created for himself a unique position in American public life. The reason is that he is essentially a professional man, and that to the exercise of public office he has brought the single-minded point of view and the drive to master its intricacies that he formerly brought to the practice of law. These are qualities which mark the professional man the world over, and it is largely due to them that Governor Ritchie has attained his present place of preëminence in his chosen field.

Once Governor he devoted himself unreservedly to acquiring the intimate and detailed knowledge of State business and the technique of State administration that would enable him to be the best and most efficient Governor possible, not so

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much in the thought of future reward as because that is the way he is constituted. After eleven years he is at the top of his profession and he has arrived there through his habit of regarding his high office not only as an honor and an occupation, but as a profession. Being a practical and intelligent man, he has been quick to recognize that the qualities which make for success in private life are not necessarily infallible assurances of success as a public man, and he has been diligent to learn the peculiar requirements of the profession of politics and to apply to them his undeniable mental and personal abilities. "Being Governor," he says, "is not like any other job. It is a special job, and it was at least a year after I first became Governor that I really began to get the hang of it and to move with any real feeling of assurance, notwithstanding my previous experience in public affairs as Attorney General." It would be difficult to find a more characteristic description of the attitude of mind which he brings to the problems that come to him, whether it be in his capacity as Governor, political leader, or Presidential possibility.

THE qualities which make for political success are many and diverse. They can not be predicated, nor can they be dealt with on a quantitative basis. There is too much subtle chemistry in politics to permit of satisfactory syntheses. By all the rules of algebra and logic Mr. Hoover should be the greatest President of modern times, yet it would take a bold man to maintain that he has been an unqualified political success. The best we can do is to analyze concrete success in individuals and be guided by that so far as those particular individuals are concerned.

PERHAPS the most fundamental quality which Governor Ritchie has displayed in his career has been that of intelligent, informed, practical common sense. The law has been described, perhaps optimistically, as being applied common sense. However this may be, Governor Ritchie in his public activities appears to have been guided throughout by the thought that common sense is the measuring rod for political action. He is not primarily a political theorist, he has no panaceas for the problems of state or nation, he is not greatly interested in Utopias and prefers to tussle with the concrete difficulties of the State of Maryland. What he does offer is the assurance that questions and difficulties in the management of public affairs will be examined in an open-minded, reasonable, and sensible way, and that such means as seem practical to the ends in view will be promptly and effectively applied. Good government is his goal and his test for good government is whether it commends itself to the common sense of the electorate. He does not believe that the electorate is much interested in noble experiments or in theories of what government should or could be. It *is* concerned in having law and order under which men can go peaceably and safely about their own affairs, in freedom from hampering and excessive governmental supervision and interference, in lower taxes; it wants healthy conditions in which to live, good schools for its

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children, good roads on which to travel. These are things which government can and should provide, and to see that it does so has been Governor Ritchie's contribution to the development of Maryland. He has sensed clearly that the field of activity in which government can function effectively is definitely limited in scope, but by the same token he has been determined that in that field government shall be efficient. Add to that a firm conviction that these *desiderata* are more likely to be attained through local effort and a vigorous and healthy local self-government than through a Federal bureaucracy, and you have stated his fundamental political beliefs.

THE impress of common sense marks a consistent pattern in any consideration of his administration as Governor. Upon assuming office he immediately addressed himself to the task of reorganizing the State Government from top to bottom. Overlapping and useless State offices were combined or abolished. State administrative boards were reduced from fifty-five in number to nineteen departments, and their membership cut to the minimum compatible with the performance of their duties. The State Civil Service was organized and established on an efficiency basis. A State Purchasing Board was set up which effected large economies in the purchase of State supplies. The budget system was made an effective reality. The tax rate has dropped 30 per cent.

State offices were filled by the best men available, by men who were experts in their particular fields, regardless of the moans of certain local politicians. The Baltimore police were put under a single Commissioner responsible only to the Governor. The Commissioner has now served eleven consecutive years and the Baltimore police, at a time when the police departments of most large American cities are an open scandal, enjoys a reputation and a confidence unique in the country. It has been Ritchie's policy to put the best men he could find in office and to back them to the limit, and however little this may have appealed to office-hungry ward politicians, the concrete results in the form of able and intelligent government, good health conditions, good schools, good roads, have won the repeated and enthusiastic endorsement of the electorate. There is nothing revolutionary or spectacular in this manner of handling State affairs; it is nothing more than applied common sense, *but it has been applied*.

THREE years ago it was discovered that large defalcations had occurred in the funds of the State Road Commission. A serious scandal involving the Commissioners, Ritchie's personal appointees, seemed imminent. Ritchie chose to follow the straightforward, sensible course. He instituted inquiry by four of the best known men in the State, three of whom, incidentally, were Republicans; it was found that an outworn system of audit in the Road Commission had offered opportunities for peculation of which a number of minor employes had availed themselves; the offenders were promptly brought to justice, an up-to-date audit system was installed, and the tangled accounts of the Commission were re-

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stored to order; public confidence in the Governor rose if anything higher. "I like to know the worst right away," the Governor says, "then I know where I am and what I can do about it."

THE same common sense attitude of the Governor was evinced in his handling of the politically perilous water power question when it arose six years ago in connection with the development of the great Conowingo power project. There were many to urge that the State should undertake it. This the Governor did not believe the State was in a position to do, either as a financial or technical proposition. From the economic point of view it was desirable that the development proceed. A private concern was found (incidentally, from outside the State) which was able to handle the undertaking; terms were struck favorable to the State and to the rate payers; and the development came into active being without delay and with immediate and real advantages to all concerned. The question involved, to the Governor's way of thinking, was not one of abstract theory. The power was wanted, a private company was in a position to develop it, the State was not, the terms were advantageous, and the decision was made, with the result that Maryland now has this important new economic resource instead of a perennial argument as to the merits of public as against private operation. Maryland has no water power issue as such and an attempt to capitalize it against Governor Ritchie in the election of 1926 was snowed under by the then unprecedented majority of 61,000 votes.

On the other hand, the Governor is prompt to recognize that in other States conditions may well be different and that power interests may have gained or be threatening to gain an economic hold and preponderance that may become a social and political menace, and that the magnitude of certain undertakings, particularly when they transcend State lines, through holding companies or otherwise, may be such as to require a more active policy on the part of State and Federal Governments. Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, the St. Lawrence development would presumably fall under this category.

IN GOVERNOR RITCHIE'S view, the problems created by the great power developments are so new in character and so complex in nature that it would be absurd to attempt to deal with them on the basis of a general arbitrary theoretical principle. He would prefer the less spectacular, but probably sounder, method of treating each question and each project that is put forward on its own merits and upon a basis of common sense, and of letting questions of abstract theory take care of themselves. Whatever best suits the requirements of each specific situation is the touchstone he would apply, and this would obviously differ markedly according to circumstances. The important thing is that actual economic development be made, and to that end fine-spun theories and counsels of perfection are to him of little weight as beside concrete considerations of fact, economic needs, and good sense. Provided a sensible and practical arrangement can be made, he will not greatly care whether

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he is denounced as a socialist or branded as the friend of the power interests.

As a matter of fact criticism of that type does not disturb him particularly; neither does the consideration that he may be voicing a minority view, when questions of what he thinks right are concerned. His attitude during the coal strikes of 1922 affords a case in point. At that time President Harding, alarmed by the possibilities of disorder and bloodshed in the mining districts of the coal producing States, publicly appealed to the Governors of those States, including Maryland, to call out the militia. Alone among the Governors so addressed, Ritchie stood out against such a course of action. The strike, he said, would be settled by agreement and not by bayonets, and so far as Maryland was concerned no need for the militia had yet appeared. In Maryland that need never arose and a peaceful agreement was subsequently reached, thanks in no small part to Ritchie's firm and cool-headed stand for moderation.

However, the most striking, and, be it said, the most courageous, application of his intelligent good sense was the stand which he took and has steadfastly maintained upon Prohibition. His position is, of course, familiar to all: that national Prohibition does not belong in the Constitution, and that liquor control is essentially a local question, to be dealt with by the States in accordance with their respective views and traditions. The clear and unequivocal statement of this view under the general head of States' Rights and State Responsibility, and of the importance of maintaining a strong and vigorous local self-government, as against the extension of Federal bureaucracy, came at a time when the tyranny of national Prohibition and enforcement methods seemed irresistible and inevitable, when State after State was resignedly adopting Baby Volstead Acts. Potentially his stand was a politically disastrous step even in Maryland, and inevitably elicited Prohibitionist cries of "nullification" and "treachery to the Constitution." However, the general response to his challenge and to his bold reaffirmations of it at the Governors' Conferences of 1922 and 1923 was immediately and impressively favorable both in and out of Maryland, and the turn in the tide of Prohibition sentiment marked by his statement has become an ever increasing reality. One of the most dramatic things Governor Ritchie has ever done, it raised him overnight from a local celebrity to a national figure, brought his name to the attention of the Democratic National Convention of 1924, made him a recognized and important factor in Democratic calculations in 1928, and now makes it highly possible that he will be not only the next Democratic nominee but also, if nominated, the next President of the United States.

Yet it is doubtful if at the time he made his original pronouncement he had any clear idea, or for that matter any particular concern, as to its national repercussions. It merely seemed to him that national Prohibition was creating a dangerous situation and was breaking down the powers and effectiveness of local

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self-government, and that so far as Maryland was concerned something should be done about it.

Maryland has done something about it. Under Ritchie's leadership it has declined to pass a State enforcement act, or to participate in the physical task of enforcing the Volstead Act. State officers and police go about their own business of administering and enforcing State laws, and leave it to the Federal authorities to enforce Federal enactments. There is no obstruction or friction; Maryland merely leaves the administration of a Federal law which it does not want or need to the Federal officers who are charged with its enforcement. The result is that Maryland officials are left free to concentrate on their specified duties; the police, being withdrawn from the work of hip-slapping, snooping, and domiciliary raids which seem inseparable from Prohibition enforcement, devote themselves to the maintenance of public order and to the detection and prevention of crime; the courts, not being clogged with liquor cases, render the most speedy and hence the most effective criminal justice in the United States. Baltimore, almost alone among the larger cities of the country, enjoys a complete absence of anything remotely resembling the organized crime, racketeering, and graft which elsewhere corrupt the police and the courts and have reduced American municipal government to an alarming state of degradation. Instead, Baltimore is a quiet, orderly, and incidentally a sober city. That this should be the case is due, in Governor Ritchie's view, largely to the common sense policy of not attempting to burden State and municipal officials with the enforcement of a Federal law which is repugnant to a large section of public opinion, which militates against the effective enforcement of the recognized criminal code, and which offers alarmingly large inducements to corruption. If public order, honest administration, and temperance are the *desiderata*, there would appear to be much to commend Maryland's handling of the problems created by National Prohibition. Governor Ritchie believes that analogous results would be attainable by restoring liquor control to the States where it can be administered in accordance with local conditions and sentiment, and where the sanction of public opinion can again lend its support to the enforcement of law. It sounds reasonable.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Carter on Governor Ritchie. The second will appear in the August issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW)

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Cynics Leave the Theatre

By Louise Maunsell Field

Who found in the last dramatic season a definite Renaissance of Sentiment

The season of 1930–31 will go down into theatrical history as one of very exceptional importance. Not because any great and previously unknown player has suddenly electrified audiences, or any extraordinary playwright made an amazing début, but because it has marked the coming of a new and very significant Renaissance. 1930–31 has witnessed the Rebirth of Sentiment in the theatre.

Not so long ago, sentiment was declared not merely dead, but putrid. To be modern was to be hard-boiled. In the theatre especially fashion demanded joyous jeering at the simplicities of a day when people actually believed in such futile, ridiculous things as honor and virtue, loyalty and love. "Lousy" was the best-beloved of adjectives; the wise-crack reigned supreme; and "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" — a suggestion made, in slightly different words, somewhere about the year 2000 B.C. — was hailed as the code of the complete modern. Success was for those, and for those only, who conformed to the established convention of unconventionality, vehemently proclaiming their abhorrence of bunk, boloney and apple-sauce.

No one expected any particular reversion, save perhaps those few who were aware that theatrical history did not begin with the Ziegfeld Follies, or even with George Bernard Shaw. But now any reasonably intelligent individual, looking back over the past season and its successes, can see, and see clearly, that more than one outstanding failure was due largely to causes which a very little while ago would have spelled success, and that when the hard-boiled has triumphed, it has been because of qualities other than its toughness.

Once in a Lifetime was a brilliant burlesque, amusing, admirably played, particularly by the delightfully laconic Jean Dixon, and full of extravagant jibes at that maddest of Mad Hatter Wonderlands which is the world of the motion pictures. Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman had rich material, and used it richly. *The Greeks Had a Word for It*, Zoe Akins' completely "modern" mixture of wit and smut, was clever enough and funny enough to make its

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picture of three ex-Follies girls preying upon an assortment of almost phenomenally easy males appeal to the natural human love of superiority. Women enjoyed seeing men befooled, and men liked to believe that they themselves would be far more difficult and discerning than their brethren in the play. But *Five Star Final*, Louis Weitzenkorn's bitter attack on the kind of sensational journalism which could hound into despair and suicide a woman once tried for murder, merely to work up a front page story, was hard-boiled in language only. At the last, sentiment triumphed. If Randall, the veteran newspaper man so skilfully played by Arthur Byron, had been at heart the complete cynic he tried to appear, he never would have thrown over his well-paid job because of such a silly trifle as remorse. In fact, remorse wouldn't, in that case, have troubled him at all. It did; and he did; and that touch of sympathy and sentiment at the end was of immense help to the play. Moreover, *Five Star Final* attacked an evil; attacked it fiercely and whole-heartedly, with intense moral indignation. And has anything, of any kind, sort or description, been more pitilessly scorned and ridiculed during the past decade than that Victorian emotion, moral indignation?

The *past* decade, please note!

GRAND HOTEL, and its amazing success, was another clear indication of the Rebirth of Sentiment. Kringelein, the poor clerk with only a little while to live, and determined to live that little to the uttermost, Grusinskaia, the dancer past her prime, Flaemmchen, the pretty, poverty-stricken typist, ready to sell herself, but far more ready to respond to decency and kindness, Baron von Geigern, the thief who fell in love and relinquished his spoil, are all creatures of sentiment, who could easily have been smeared over with the molasses of sentimentality. Sympathy and pity and a genuine understanding are the keynotes of a play which crowded the theatre for months, holding its audiences despite the lack of a closely knit story by the sentiment, the warm humanity with which its characters were portrayed, and played. In these hotel rooms and corridors we glimpse fragments of lives which move us to compassion, not contempt, men and women whose concerns quickly become of vital importance to the spectator. Yet it must be admitted that Vicki Baum's dramatization of her own novel remains a novel rather than a play.

AND this, incidentally, is true of some plays not dramatized from novels, like Philip Barry's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, which fairly cries aloud against the limitations imposed by the mechanical necessities of the theatre. This is a play whose author seems to have wanted to say a good deal more than could be conveniently compressed within the two hours and a half which are about all the time allowed any play not written by Eugene O'Neill or George Bernard Shaw, and tried to say it too hurriedly. But though thought might get out of breath, sentiment did not. Love of the putative father for the child he believes his, love of the mother for her child, pity for the

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husband who, in his wife's eyes, seems never to have grown up, love of the man and woman renouncing happiness for the sake of one weaker than themselves, bring the play well into line with other successes of sentiment. Its problems, even that of the woman who longs for the child her husband is unable to give her, are of secondary importance.

SENTIMENTALITY, rather than sentiment, cheerfully distorts history in Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen*, a personage who, as presented by Lynn Fontanne, appears anything but queenly. This despite the well-known fact that whatever else Elizabeth may have been, she was always the sovereign. The Theatre Guild's most successful production of the year portrayed Essex as a sentimentally virtuous hero, and Lord Burghley as a no less sentimentally villainous villain, while Miss Fontanne's excellent make-up and insistently raucous voice won her an immense amount of applause, both popular and critical. She did in truth show many of the external qualities of Elizabeth very skilfully. It was only the spirit of the great Queen, the attributes which have made her one of history's most memorable figures, which failed to appear through the cleverly simulated mask. But a large number of persons seemed to regard this as quite negligible. For there are few who agree with the thesis illustrated by Pirandello's extremely interesting play, *As You Desire Me*. If ever a study in contradictions was provided, it was by the success of this powerful drama. At least ninety-nine per cent of the audience left the theatre vehemently discussing whether The Unknown One, so magnificently portrayed by Judith Anderson, was or was not what they termed "the real Chia," whereas the whole point of the play was the author's implicit declaration that the physical fact didn't really matter, his contempt for such clues to physical identity as a scar or the color of a woman's eyes, his insistence that the body was unimportant, the spirit all-important. The "real Chia" was she who possessed the spirit of Chia so completely that those about her believed her to be Chia, who for them was Chia until doubt arose in their minds, no matter whether she did or did not possess the husk, the body so altered by time and anguish that it successfully evaded identification. But if the "riddle," the superb acting and the intensely interesting story were outstanding factors in the success of *As You Desire Me*, the play had sentiment too, in the lasting love, the long mourning for the idolized Lucia who vanished when her villa was raided during the War, who perhaps had gone insane, who perhaps had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation.

THE first indication of the coming Renaissance appeared early in the season. Wearing a thin veil of fantasy as a protection from ridicule, *Mrs. Moonlight* was the very antithesis of wise-cracking sophistication, a perfect honeycomb of a play, dripping concentrated sweetness. And New York audiences, supposedly blasé, supposedly the last word in cynicism, presently began to crowd the theatre, shedding gallons of tears over the final reunion and

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death of the two faithful lovers, the woman cursed by the fulfilment of her wish for an unaltering, always youthful appearance, and the man, long since grown old, who had never ceased to love and to mourn the young wife he believed dead. I must admit that to me the sentiment of *Mrs. Moonlight* seemed to slop over into sentimentality rather too often, but as I sat dry-eyed amid dozens upon dozens of sopping wet handkerchiefs, I wondered whether the female of 1931 does not in fact differ from the female of 1880 a good deal less than has usually been supposed!

THE two periods seem, oddly enough, to be drawing quite close together, even though, in 1931, sentimentality is still driven to take refuge under fantasy. Not only Benn Levy's *Mrs. Moonlight*, but A. A. Milne's *Give Me Yesterday* found the protection of fantasy extremely convenient, though the latter dramatist makes less use of the fairy-tale quality for his story of the man trapped by his own success. And in spite of Louis Calhern's skilful playing of the Right Honourable R. Selby Mannock, M.P., it was difficult to believe in the power and ability of a man who whined so over the choice he himself had made. After an excellent first act, *Give Me Yesterday* declined into a tedious, sickish-sweet dream scene, and closed with the maudlin regrets of a poor fish whose political success may have been irksome, but was certainly incomprehensible. Before the Rebirth of Sentiment, *Give Me Yesterday*, it seems quite probable, might have made a rapid transit to the storehouse, instead of remaining on Broadway through many months.

That same Renaissance which saved Mr. Milne's play proved disastrous to Hans Chlumberg's. For though the Theatre Guild's production of *Miracle at Verdun* suffered in the beginning from a mistaken attempt to unite stage and screen, and when that *mésalliance* was ended, from the complete unintelligibility of many of the performers, what killed it was its insistence upon an unpalatable theme. We all like to believe that should our own beloved dead be given back to us we would welcome them with all our hearts. But the dead resurrected by the *Miracle at Verdun* were entirely unwelcome; not only collectively, which could be endured, but individually, which could not. We can accept, albeit reluctantly, the statement that the effect of the sudden addition to the earth's population of the many millions who died in the World War would prove disastrous, that though we may acclaim their heroism, we very much prefer to have them remain quiet in their graves; but that Tommy and Pierre and Jimmy and Hans would be unwanted in the homes they had left is a thought from which sentiment instinctively recoils. Much had been expected from *Miracle at Verdun;* it was the Rebirth of Sentiment which was altogether unexpected.

PERHAPS the greatest, best deserved and most satisfying triumph of sentiment came with Rudolf Besier's charming dramatization of one of the world's great love stories, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* The enchanting Katharine Cornell wisely made no attempt to reproduce the

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physical characteristics of Elizabeth Barrett, nor did handsome, debonair Brian Aherne feel it necessary to assume the thick side whiskers of Robert Browning. It was the spirit of the poet lovers these two fine players sought, and to an amazing extent found, so that the spectator felt almost as if he had been actually transported back into the year 1845, and the room where two poets first came face to face. Here was acting of that beautiful imaginative quality which far transcends external details. In *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, Miss Cornell at last had a play worthy of her great talent, and the result was sheer breath-taking loveliness. Here was the miracle of passionate love, bringing life and health and joy to a supposedly dying woman, a wonder and a glory like the splendor of the rising sun, sentiment at its highest and best. No wonder that those who saw the play once, repeated the experience as often as they could!

Love of a humbler sort, but tender and faithful and utterly selfless, was the dominating sentiment in Rachel Crothers' new and very agreeable play, *As Husbands Go*. The hero, capitally played by Jay Fassett, was a Middle Western spouse, a business man whose love for his rather silly wife was the very core of his existence. There was plenty of comedy in the play, plenty of amusing lines and situations, but it was the general good feeling permeating it which won the audience. Without a single smirch of indecency, with just an ordinary little group of everyday people, Miss Crothers contrived to produce drama. And she claimed admiration, not for the wife who thought she wanted freedom and a divorce, but for the husband she first showed us in a situation few dramatists would have dared to venture upon during these debunking years. When we meet Charles Lingard he is eagerly awaiting the arrival, not, as the experienced playgoer would naturally suppose, of his mistress or his bootlegger, but of his wedded wife! There is a novelty which might well make any audience gasp. Sentiment once more, my friends.

And not merely sentiment, but sentimentality run riot in Henry Bernstein's highly praised and splendidly played *Melo*, with its silent scene of the bereaved husband in the cemetery, kneeling beside the grave of his adored first wife, while wife number two and the lover of wife number one tiptoe gently away; a scene quite extraordinarily reminiscent of a Nineteenth Century lithograph. In this play there is a perfect plethora of love; the love of the childish, faithful, densely stupid husband; the love of the world-weary, extremely sophisticated paramour, who doesn't in the least object to having an intrigue with the wife of his dear friend, but really can't endure the thought of hurting that dear friend's feelings; the love of the woman, mistress of the one and wife of the other, who is so extraordinarily considerate and tender-hearted that she prefers to feed her husband on arsenic rather than destroy his illusions. While he suffers the very acute pangs of slow poison, she turns somersaults — literally, not metaphorically — beside his bed to

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cheer his drooping spirits. Excellently played by Edna Best, Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore, this distinctly Gallic variety of — shall we be polite, and call it sentiment? — proved entertaining and dramatic. Also very amusing, at least to the spectator philosophically meditating on the critical acclaim awarded this play, and the critical condemnation, recently so frequent, of hokum, bunk and blah!

ANOTHER type of sentiment and another kind of melodrama are successfully mingled in that exciting and absorbing "thriller" by Jack De Leon and Jack Celestin, *The Silent Witness*. This English drama is an exceptionally ingenious murder play, which has for its hero a father who is willing to risk, and if necessary lose his own life to save his son's. The supposed mutual dislike of parents and children has been a favorite theme for some time; any suggestion that they might occasionally tolerate, and even care for one another has been dismissed as bunk. But in this season of the Rebirth of Sentiment, even parental love can be accepted, especially when it is part of the fabric of a play as deftly woven as *The Silent Witness*, and depicted by as competent and personable a player as Lionel Atwill, who to many other virtues adds one all too rare on the stage of to-day; that of being easily and entirely audible. Parental love, that of the mother this time, is an important factor in a play which deserves to succeed, but has, at the present writing, been too recently produced for its fate to be decided: DuBose Heyward's *Brass Ankle*. This is a play which presents an important American problem, a drama whose course is relentless and, given the particular kind and class of individuals concerned, all but inevitable. The admixture of Negro blood, entirely unsuspected by the woman cursed by "a touch of the tar brush," the birth of the baby who reverts to type, betraying its colored ancestry, the man's revulsion and horror. To make the situation yet more poignant, the scene is laid in the Deep South; but anywhere in these United States it might happen, with results which, at best, would be only a little less disastrous. In this courageous grappling with one of the most difficult of questions, the race problem, sentiment serves merely to enhance the tragedy.

AS IF to call attention to the dangers attending this new Renaissance, the Pulitzer prize for 1930 has been awarded to a static play of rather feeble sentiment, a study in soft shadows and pallid grey tints. Susan Glaspell's long-winded and decidedly dull version of Emily Dickinson's life story, *Alison's House*, is another of the many plays which would have made better novels than they do dramas. Reverting to the close of the Nineteenth Century in time, it also reverts to it for the angle of approach, giving three acts of uninteresting conversation, whose climax is the discovery that Alison, eighteen years dead, had cared a great deal more for the married man she was generally known to have loved and renounced, than anyone supposed, and that her sacrifice to duty had therefore been much greater. The record of this love and sacrifice

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was contained in some remarkable and entirely characteristic poems, discovered eighteen years after her death, and when the world had already learned to acclaim her. Should these poems be burned, as the recently and very suddenly deceased Agatha, Alison's devoted sister, had unquestionably intended? Or should they be graciously bestowed upon the world, which already knew the kind, though not the full degree, of Alison's secret? The answer to these questions is the crux of a thin and tiresome play.

This award emphasizes the testimony already cited, proclaiming both the Rebirth of Sentiment, and its perils. The day of the cheap cynicism miscalled sophistication has, for a while at least, run its course in the theatre. It will come again, small doubt of that, and come the more quickly if sentiment is allowed to degenerate into sentimentality, and the Twentieth Century prototype of the weeping heroine turned out into the snow permitted to become a familiar stage figure. All indications considered, it seems not at all unlikely that Little Eva may appear once more, expiring to slow music in the midst of the spotlight. From the pseudo-sophisticated to the maudlin, and back again; these are the extremes which mark the swing of the theatrical pendulum. But somewhere between lies a golden mean of sympathy and genuine feeling and real sophistication; of sentiment unsmirched by sentimentality, of a realism which portrays not only the pain of life, but something of its beauty also; the · t of golden mean attained, to some extent at least, by a very few of those plays which have marked the 1930–31 Rebirth of Sentiment in the theatre.

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Chicago Strikes Back

By William F. McDermott

In the midst of a cataclysmic flow of jokes and comic pictures on its wickedness, swollen momentarily by Big Bill Thompson's recent overthrow, Chicago is quietly reforming

Chicago is neither Sodom, as its rivals assert, nor is it the New Jerusalem, as its boosters proclaim. It is a city of extremes, as is characteristic of youth. Persons now living remember the Loop as a quagmire and Fort Dearborn as a refuge from the Indians. Sixty years ago beautiful Michigan Boulevard had a liberal supply of junk shops and livery stables and citizens wondered if it ever could be reclaimed. The incomparable lake front of today was the town's backyard and dump heap. The city poured its sewage into the same natural reservoir from which it took its water supply. Typhoid fever ran rampant and Irish sects battled in the street with daggers and guns in the name of the Lord.

The Chicago Fire of 1871, sweeping the heart of the city of unspeakable shacks and shanties as well as fine churches and mansions, was one of the two greatest blessings of a negative character ever to visit the town. The other is the present crime wave and the resultant unsavory reputation, for it is starting a Chicago fire of another sort — a blaze which in a few years will make Al Capone and his cohorts of gangsters, "fixed" police and corrupt judges as much a thing of the past as British prison ships.

Chicago today is an *à la carte* city. You can order anything you want. You can get gangsters lined up against a wall and massacred on St. Valentine's Day, and a few blocks distant you will wait in line for an hour on Sunday morning to get a seat in a church. You can get a man killed for fifty dollars and you will find more theological and music students than in any other city in the world. You can stop over at Death Corner in "Little Hell," where 113 men have been killed on one spot, or you can journey on to the fastest growing church in America.

You can ride across the lovely Michigan Avenue bridge at midnight, with the 2,000,000,000-candlepower Lindbergh beacon flaming above you and the lights all about

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making a dream city of incomparable beauty, while twenty feet below you, on the lower level of the same bridge, are 2,000 homeless, decrepit shivering and starving men, wrapping themselves in old newspapers to keep from freezing, and lying down in the manure dust to sleep.

ENTER the Holy Name Cathedral, centre of Roman Catholicism, if you will. The multitudes come and go. On Sunday the thousands never cease from dawn until noon. Yet look at the cornerstone, which was set in 1874. It is pock-marked and chipped — the result of machine-gun bullets. One quiet morning, not many months ago, while devout people within were making the Stations of the Cross, there was the rat-tat-tat of rapid firing. From an upstairs window, next door to where Dion O'Banion, supergangster, had been killed among his flowers, starting Chicago's gang wars of extermination, a gun barrel was pointed at another gangster and a criminal lawyer. When the street battlefield had been cleared of the dead and wounded, and the surrounding territory investigated, the chipped cornerstone was found, and the machine-gun bullets had ringed these words about:

"At the Name of Jesus Every Knee Shall Bow . . . and Every Tongue Confess. . . ."

There you have Chicago, bizarre, dramatic, unspeakably wicked, gloriously good, rugged and uncouth, artistic and cultured, brazen and modest, proud and humble, with blazing guns and open Bibles, sophisticated and provincial, dignified and impulsive, colorful in everything — and dull in nothing.

I have roamed the streets of Chicago for eighteen years as a newspaper reporter and adventurer, as social service worker and preacher, from the Gold Coast of Lake Shore Drive where Billy Sunday preached to society in a millionaire's ballroom, while in the basement below chauffeurs and butlers drank whiskey to Billy's health, to the slums where babies died of hunger. I have gone, within a period of three hours, from a hanging in the county jail to a Mass of the Angels in a cathedral. Yet in all that time, I have never been robbed, held up, or intimidated in any way, and have never seen a murder or a killing or a crime of any sort. I saw far more crime and evil in a little town in sedate Kansas in my youth than I have ever seen here, and here I am forever on the lookout for it.

YET in the family of my closest relatives here a young man has been held up twice and robbed; his sister held up at the point of a gun and threatened with death; three times the family automobile has been stolen, once by a gangster who used it for murder; the family home has been entered while they slept and stripped of money and jewelry; and other minor losses suffered, like stolen automobile tires and bicycles. The family lives in a respectable neighborhood, yet in a lighted business section there every store and shop on both sides of the street for a distance of four blocks has been held up and robbed at one time or another, some places as many as three times.

Such is Chicago in its high lights. It goes from one extreme to another.

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It has had its full dose of vice and now it is headed for virtue. Just as London, in its Whitechapel and other famous slum districts, is rebuilding itself, model tenements rising even amid the indescribable squalor of the old surroundings, so Chicago is in the early stages of a campaign to wipe out its moral slums. The old skeletons of corruption and gangdom are there, housing evil designs and murders. Yet in their very midst a new generation is rising, and before many years will make history of a type that will give the world a different sensation from the shock of today.

Chicago is striking back, and with true Chicagoesqueness is doing it in a novel manner. I do not refer to the present and ever-recurring "drive" on crime. At this writing it is at its height. When this is published, three more similar episodes may have taken place. I hope this one may amount to something. Along with 3,000,000 other citizens I have hoped the same for the last 111 spurts.

THE city's weapons for a new city are birth control, a vast recreation and training programme for boys, a psychopathic laboratory, and a juvenile research institute.

Birth control is probably more generally practised in Chicago than in any other city in the United States. Those who are scared at the thought of this overcrowded and underfed earth controlling the size of its population would probably call it a conspiracy to defeat nature. Really it is a spontaneous movement, gaining headway with incredible speed.

Suppose we glance first at the figures. While the population of the city has increased approximately 56,000 a year for the past five years, the first six grades of the elementary schools have shown a decrease of 1,241 pupils a year. Thus while Chicago in 1929 had 280,000 more people than in 1924, the lower grades actually had 6,206 fewer pupils. The picture is made more striking if a comparison is made. Suppose that at one stroke there were withdrawn from the lower grades of Chicago's schools a number of children equal to all those in the same grades of a city the size of Columbus, Ohio, or Providence, Rhode Island, or Portland, Oregon!

CHILDREN are not dropping out of school; the youngsters simply aren't there to drop out. The declining birth rate, due to birth control, is the sole reason. In 1917 there were 22.25 babies born to the 1,000 of general population in Chicago; by 1923 the rate had dropped to 19.4 a 1,000, by 1928 to 18.7 a 1,000, and it was still lower in 1929. With a loss of about 8,000 children a year, if the birth rate had remained static, or 40,000 for the five-year period, 1924–1929, and a still heavier decline to come because the further drop in birth rate has not yet been registered in the schools, there can be little doubt that birth control is responsible. Parochial schools show a similar tendency, while suburban increases in no way counterbalance city losses.

There is evidence on every hand that birth control is generally practised in spite of ecclesiastical tirades and other agitations. The clinics

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which carry on their work openly are packed with patrons. Social workers constantly advocate birth control in the families of the poor. One of them told me that she considered this to be one of the most important phases of her work. They even make arrangements and accompany overburdened mothers to birth control headquarters for their instruction. Physicians openly advise their patients as to birth control, while drug stores display the literature of approved societies or organizations. It is probable that ten mothers today are adequately informed to where there was one ten years ago.

WHAT has this to do with making Chicago a new city? Just this: birth control is practised where it is needed the most, in the tenements and among the poor, where heretofore underprivileged and often defective children have been brought forth in droves, feeding the streams of poverty and crime. Those more advanced in position and education have long been informed. Birth control was a possession of the so-called higher classes. Now it is passing rapidly to those who need it the most. The evidence is in the depleted school rooms in the congested districts, in the types of mothers who are thronging the birth control centres, and in the noticeable lack of swarms of youngsters in neighborhoods such as Hull House dominates.

These old territories along the river, adjacent to the stockyards, fringing the Loop and stretching along Halsted Street, have been the crime-breeding swamps of Chicago for decades. It seemed to be a matter of location rather than of people, for a recent study has shown that while one nationality after another occupied a certain district, the delinquency rate remained the same. Gradually the people who occupy such a district are being reduced in number, which means a higher quality of citizenship, certainly one of the first requirements of an improved city.

ONE of the principal elements of Chicago's upward struggle is its amazing boy-building programme. If ever a town took its youngsters in earnest, it is Chicago. Though gangsters run riot at times, with exploits that range all the way from hijacking to holding up a church congregation — this actually took place — the city is inordinately proud of its parks and boulevards and the way it strives to give its growing youngsters a chance. You've seen many an old booze-hound and rounder who was hard-boiled with regard to his own salvation, yet who would fight for his kid at the drop of the hat. That, in some ways, is Chicago. It seems indifferent to the carryings on of the present adult generation — but how magnificently it is planning for the growing lads! If anything augurs a decent future, this does. The range of the programme is so vast that only a few high lights are possible.

A few years ago a school recreation director made a study of the likes and dislikes of children in making things. To his astonishment he discovered the youngsters in the "bloody nineteenth" ward had a flair for carving pistols and knives and stilettos out of wood. Others

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made imitation bombs, while here and there an ambitious youngster turned his attention to drawing black hands. A little observation revealed to him that they were simply making things they were interested in and with which they were most familiar.

ANOTHER incident that served to awaken the city was the statement of a veteran juvenile officer regarding juvenile gangs.

"A gangster is made by the time he is ten or twelve years old," he said. "Most of them start when they are six or seven. They are proud to be protégés of older, experienced crooks. Take, for instance, the infamous '42' gang. It has its 'juniors,' with an organization the same as a Junior Association of Commerce. These kids strut about, call themselves little 'forty-tooters,' and threaten their playmates with 'I'll take you for a ride,' or 'I'll put you on the spot.' Their ambition is to be 'hard' and they secretly long for the thrill of being behind the bars, so they can brag about it afterward.

"Once the gang code has got them in its toils, there isn't a chance in a hundred they can be snatched from it. To get without earning is their goal, and the only crimes are to snitch or get caught. All the welfare work, importunities as well as opportunities for good citizenship, appeals and persuasions, are met with a sneer. Many a boy of twelve is absolutely incorrigible, as certainly headed for crime as water runs downhill. To catch the lads before gangdom sets them in concrete is the only alternative."

Chicago is doing that with fine success and has plans to do it on a broader scale that almost takes the breath away. How it works is shown by the "white district" around the Union League Boys' Club, in one of the worst sections of the city. There within a comparatively short length of time the juvenile delinquency rate has gone down eighty per cent. The Chicago Boys' Club, handling boys from six years up to eighteen, reports that of its 5,000 members, practically all in crime-ridden districts of Chicago, only one was in any sort of trouble with the police last year, and that was for taking a bicycle.

The Boy Scouts, with 15,000 members, are in a drive for $1,250,000 for operating expenses and for a doubled membership. In spite of the business depression their campaign has gone steadily forward. The Union League Club Foundation, with two clubs doing magnificent work among boys, plans for a third. The Y.M.C.A., with boy activities in a number of buildings, ere long will erect a boys' building in the heart of "Little Hell." All of these institutions, recognizing the need of early training, have reduced their age limits to nine years or under for the boys they are seeking to serve.

ONE of the most ambitious programmes is sponsored by the Chicago Boys' Club, which began operations twenty years ago in a rented room on State Street. Today, with three clubs, it is projecting a programme of twenty-five more at strategic points throughout the city, erected and endowed at a cost of $9,000,000, to serve 75,000 of the

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poorest and most underprivileged lads of the city. The total number of uncared for boys as far as recreation and proper leadership and training are concerned is estimated to be 150,000.

With 35,000 acres of woodland and meadow encompassed in a county forest preserve, with provisions for fishing, swimming, games, picnics, contests, hunting, boating, and summer and winter sports of all sorts, and with a constantly expanding municipal playground, park and recreation movement, Chicago can be said to be the first great city to approach the problem of its youth adequately. Add to this the efforts of clubs and social agencies, and it is not difficult to see that a new generation is in the making.

The Boys' Club programme is a revelation of what a little money will do. Twelve dollars a year will give a penniless boy the privileges of a club house, with gymnasium, library, reading room, swimming pool; classes in art, music, and vocational subjects; summer camp privileges; and the guidance and inspiration of trained, sympathetic leaders, who often are of more help to lads than their own fathers.

SOMEONE has said that one "volunteer" dollar spent in such preventive ways means the saving to the taxpayer of ten "draft" dollars, which go to pay the upkeep of prisons and police forces. The latter figure should be something like one hundred instead of ten. A rather striking example is furnished in the case of a young hoodlum now in the Cook County jail awaiting execution for murder. He has said that the right leadership and a little incentive to do right would have kept him away from crime if begun early enough. A survey of the expense already incurred by the State in this case was made recently by W. R. Boorman, boys' work authority. This study showed that the public had already paid out $36,000 in apprehending and prosecuting this young criminal at different times. This would have supported for a whole year the programme of a club of 3,000 boys! In addition gangdom raised $20,000 for his defense. When this young murderer goes to the chair to "burn," the man who throws the switch will get $50 — enough to give some needy lad club privileges for four years!

THE efficacy of the social prevention of crime is equal to that of science in wiping out typhoid fever, smallpox, tuberculosis, and diphtheria. The Chicago of today has less than one death from typhoid fever to its former thousand. Its tuberculosis fatalities are one-fourth what they once were. For about eight of the last ten years it has registered itself as the healthiest city of more than 500,000 people in the world. It has set for itself — or at least a multitude of its boy workers have — the making of a similar record in the reduction of its juvenile delinquency and crime by 1933, the year of the World's Fair.

It is not an experiment but a programme. The testing stage is well passed. Juvenile court and police records show that the boys who get into trouble are those who are turned out to run wild, with no

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home care, no supervision of play, no counsel or guidance or comradeship of good men. The Chicago Boys' Club record of twenty years' service shows that while 70 out of every 1,000 boys in Chicago at one time or another are in a jam with the police or the courts, only 2 out of each 1,000 club members meet the same fate. The club members are not "hand-picked," but are of the average run of the club neighborhoods. The Scriptural rule of "Whosoever will, may come" is rigidly observed, and no boy is turned away. If he hasn't any clothes, he will be supplied some, and if he can't pay fifty cents a year membership fee he can work it out. He starts through the "yell room," where he blows off steam, and progresses into the best the club has to offer.

How they make good in business is an interesting story. A couple of years ago two lads were sent to a downtown bank to be office boys. So trustworthy and eager to work were they that inside of a year both had been promoted until they had "windows" or "gates" of their own. From the very beginning they were trusted to handle considerable sums of money and the trust of the employers has not been betrayed. Scattered throughout Chicago's Loop and industrial districts are many concerns which employ boys only from the clubs. Not one has ever defalcated or been removed for dishonesty.

A few months ago LaSalle Street, Chicago's rival of New York's Wall Street, reported a new "dealer in futures" in its midst. The sensation was that the "futures" were not grains or stocks but "boyhood." The man's name was L. L. Valentine, who had started out as a penniless country boy and gradually grown to wealth and prominence. Having retired from industry with a fortune of $4,000,000 or $5,000,000, Mr. Valentine set up a regular office in his old business haunts for carrying on his activities for underprivileged boys and announced that he was beginning his real "life work."

It includes the expenditure of his millions for clubs in the most congested districts of Chicago. Already he has one club under way at a cost of $350,000. As president of the Chicago Boys' Club he has gathered about him railway presidents, bank executives and business leaders to give Chicago a boys' programme which will be on the scale of "big business." He insists that his new career, begun after he was fifty years of age, gives him more of a thrill than any business deal he ever put through. That results in reduced crime will come in a very few years is shown by the fact that Chicago's criminals are very young. State Attorney Swanson is authority for the statement that 75 per cent of the city's crime is committed by boys under twenty-one years of age. It doesn't take long, therefore, for a generation of boys to grow up into citizens or criminals.

Every year Chicago observes Boys' Week in characteristic manner — one of the first ten cities to set aside such a week for its boys. The programme has expanded until now more than 2,000 cities have such annual celebrations, and Chicago is said to lead them all. Every year

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boys preside as presidents of banks and industries, conduct the affairs of their school rooms, have citywide contests of an athletic character, and stress the claims of youth for opportunity and leadership. It has had its effect. George W. Dixon, president of the Boys' Week Federation, and a resident of Chicago for more than half a century, states that never has the city had such a keen consciousness of the value of its boys and their needs.

Two institutions of a scientific character are blazing a trail for Chicago as it "strikes back." One is the Psychopathic Laboratory of the Municipal Court and the other is the Institute for Juvenile Research. The Laboratory has examined more than 140,000 criminals and has classified them. More than that, in hundreds of cases it has not only definitely predicted that those under observation would commit crime but has asserted with authority exactly the types of crime they would commit. Court records in cases without number verify the findings. More than one murderer has been executed concerning whom the records show that years before he had been classified as a killer. The trouble has been that the city has paid little or no attention to these findings. It is beginning to wake up, with definite action to incarcerate permanently those whose criminal tendencies are outstanding.

In spite of Chicago's rapid growth in population and its development of gangsters, its juvenile delinquency rate has been held to a standstill. This is due to improved methods of dealing with delinquents. In the old days the police endeavored to break up their gangs by chasing them with drawn clubs or locking them in cells for idling about street corners. Today officers are under orders to make friends with the youth of the city and to aid them in their problems. An employment bureau for boys is maintained, with a lieutenant in charge, and a policeman at each station is assigned to the task of finding jobs for boys. The result is that for two years an average of 1,000 jobs a month have been found for the neediest lads, and doubtless many of them were saved from discouragement and crime. The State Attorney's office maintains a "youth's service bureau," the task of which is to counsel wayward boys and their parents and keep them in the path of citizenship if possible.

The Institute for Juvenile Research finds its field in the so-called "problem child." With a staff of highly trained psychiatrists and observers, it carries its investigation into the conduct and problems of youth as a chemist resolves a complex, unknown compound into its elements. What the experimental department is to a corporation the institute is to society in its efforts to improve itself. It is conservative to say that ten years of investigation such as it carries on will revolutionize the general attitude toward delinquent youth and the methods of handling it. In the course of a year 1,500 boys and girls are given the most exhaustive psychological examinations, and treatment for them is prescribed. Supplementing its work is the Behavior Research Fund, supported by $275,000 in popular

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subscriptions and carrying on investigations outside the limits of the public agency.

One might elaborate on other ways in which Chicago is striking back. Popular at the moment is the slogan, "Clean up for the World's Fair!" but the very sentiment of that is irritating. It smacks too much of taking a bath for Christmas and letting it go at that. The real movement of regenerating Chicago is far deeper and far nobler than that and will register results that will last for generations.

Sometimes when a patient looks the most sickly he is the nearest to complete recovery. It's another version of the darkest hour before dawn. It would seem that Chicago couldn't get any worse and maintain itself as an organized community. Yet as gangs exterminate each other, the process of improvement is under way. A new generation is coming up which will develop a civic and moral Chicago Plan comparable to the original Chicago Plan which is making it physically a Chicago Beaut ful. Present-day Chicago is determined that the boys and girls shall have a real opportunity to build a city great in character as well as in iron and steel. It sets before them that motto of Daniel H. Burnham, architect of the World's Fair of 1893, and creator of the Chicago Plan:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

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The Newspaper's Lost Leadership

By Burges Johnson

There are two ways in which we may consider a lighting company, or a trolley line, or a railroad. The trolley line, for instance, is a competitive enterprise which must make a living for its operators and pay interest and dividends. It is competitive, because there are also bus lines in that town, and taxicabs, and good old shoe-leather. Viewed as a private business enterprise, its directors may say, "This is our business, and we shall run it as we please. In fact, whenever we like, we may stop running it altogether."

Interstate railroads were for a long time looked upon by their owners as private enterprises, and any interference by the State in their management was resented. During this period they found themselves subject to harassment from several sources: legislators blackmailed them; shippers demanded annual passes; in court proceedings they found juries and public opinion prejudiced against them. Then came gradually into the public mind a new definition of the railroad as an enterprise engaged in the public service.

The State said to it: "We have come to be dependent upon you, but it is also true that you are dependent upon us, and owe your success to a community growth which is not all your doing. The common weal justifies us in making certain demands upon you. But in return we will protect you against unfair competition, and even guarantee your profit if you prove yourself able to render the service the public must have."

Newspapers also may be considered in two different ways. We may think of them as commercial enterprises, highly competitive, operating solely for profit. In thinking of them thus we can expect them to cut down or eliminate departments which do not pay, and to expand whatever best suits the popular fancy; to cater to the whims and caprices of advertisers who buy space in their pages; and to recognize no other objective than the dollar sign. Or we may look upon them as rendering a peculiar form of public service without which our whole political structure must long ago have fallen to the ground.

As a physical achievement the newspaper is a supreme miracle of our present civilization. The way in which it has coördinated every means of communication from camel driver and dog-sled to wireless telephone; the marvelous intricacy of

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its machinery, the efficiency of its multiform processes from woodpulp to newsboy; and most remarkable of all, the perfect collaboration of a corps of men and women possessed of differing skills and temperaments, who succeed, by perfection of team work, in producing within twenty-four hours a volume as large as Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*, and then produce another one tomorrow, and another one the day after that, and so on day after day after day, for every day of the year. "Miracle" is a mild word for this newspaper, in its physical or material definition.

WHAT is the other definition of a newspaper? To what extent does it and must it render public service? Is it like the lighting company and the railway, a public servant with obligations to the community? Has the public gained any right to say to the manager of this private business enterprise, "You must maintain a certain state of efficiency?" To these questions emphatically "Yes!"

Our national experiment, when it was no larger than a New England town meeting, had a chance to succeed because citizens knew one another personally, and all necessary information as to men and measures and community affairs could be transmitted by word of mouth. A citizen who offered himself for public office faced voters who were all within sound of his voice, and were thus able to scrutinize his daily life, and check his words against his deeds. But when we spread the geographical area of our experiment until its laboratory reached from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, it was bound to collapse of its own weight (so many wise philosophers assured us) just because wide rivers and high mountain ranges split its differing racial groups into a hundred fragments, each one unwilling to sympathize with the other's viewpoint. But these doleful prophets failed to reckon with the press. The rapid perfection of its mechanism suddenly made it possible for every voter to be a next door neighbor to every other voter. Men in Portland, Maine could listen to a candidate for their suffrage who lived in Portland, Oregon. Even more important than men were measures. Lord Bryce wrote that this democratic experiment was able to continue because it actually consisted of many separate experiment stations, each trying out theories of its own, which, if successful, were adopted by its neighbors, or avoided if a failure.

I do not need to elaborate this part of my argument. The citizens of a democracy, more than any other people, must have newspapers, or they cannot function as citizens. The press extends the *seeing* and *hearing* of each individual citizen so that he may base his reasoning upon his own observations, rather than upon guesses.

THE collecting and distributing of news is an essential public service, just as is the providing of street lighting and rapid transportation. But private energy has (with a few feeble exceptions) provided it, and competition alone keeps it up to a certain level of efficiency. Nevertheless Government says to the press: "We admit that you, too, are a quasi-public institution. We extend

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your representatives many privileges. Our public officials set aside times for your interviews; we grant you privileged positions at legislative assemblies; we ask your aid in the apprehension of criminals, and in furthering the ends of justice. In other words, we grant you, as we grant the railroads, a certain *right of way*. But we do not do for you what we do for them, namely, protect you by some sort of subsidy; we are not guaranteeing you return upon your investment by insuring a profitable price for your wares. On the contrary, we are encouraging your new competitors, radio and movies; and we force you to gain all your profit from advertising."

THE newspaper does not seek *governmental* aid or protection for two reasons: first because by nature and tradition it is resentful of governmental interference; and second, because newspapers, as enterprises in the public service, have been very slow to organize. Practitioners in medicine and in the law, recognizing themselves as public servants in some of their functions, have combined to make themselves more effective in the public service. Newspapers have combined only as business enterprises — to effect economies in the collection of news. They are highly individualistic, and highly competitive, and they have not as yet come together in order to define the public service that they render, or assert its dignity, or to demand certain governmental guarantees against the harassments that they face.

There are many charges made against American newspapers. It is a favorite recreation for destructive-minded citizens and professional iconoclasts to attack the press. I am not going to enumerate their points of attack. Upton Sinclair assembled many of them, and then depended upon the newspapers to make the sale of his book profitable to himself. But without enumerating all these charges, I should like to dismiss most of them!

NEWSPAPERS being private enterprises, vary in character as their individual owners vary. We all know that there are quack doctors — practitioners who consider high fees more important than professional ethics. But because we know that they exist, we do not charge the whole medical profession with incompetence or venality. We know that there are "shyster" lawyers, "ambulance chasers" — men to whom fees are more important than professional standards. We see them in every community, but because of them we do not conclude that the entire American bar is sordid and venal. Most of the common charges against the press are in reality charges against some individual newspaper, whose owner lacks moral backbone, or whose editor has bent or broken under pressure. But his behavior does not justify a charge against the press as a whole. I am interested only in those indictments which may be brought against all American newspapers, and which are due to forces operating throughout this democracy. I am enough of an optimist to believe that those newspaper characteristics which depend upon the fine manhood and high character of editors do generally

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prevail, and that the moral and ethical collapse of an individual is still the exception rather than the rule.

THESE general charges are three in number. Only one is primarily against the newspaper itself, and is the least specific. It is that newspapers today are generally under the control and final direction of men who have been promoted through the business offices rather than through the editorial channel. This does not mean that they are any less conscientious or able. But it does mean that they view the institution which they direct as primarily a material and physical structure, and not as a force engaged in the public service and for the common weal. The days of Dana, and Watterson, and Bowles, and Victor Rosewater, and Clark Howell have gone by. Probably they can not be regained. Such men thought of their newspapers primarily as institutions operating in the public service; and they could not possibly, by reason of their upbringing, think of them first in any other way. They sought for the best business men they could get to run the financial affairs of the paper and to make it pay; but such men were in the final test subordinates.

One can not specifically describe the effect that such new direction has upon the behavior of the American press as a whole, or even assert that it is in any degree debasing. The results are subtle; but such management always tends to exalt the paper as a commercial enterprise, and to view its operations in the public service as primarily a means of circulation.

The "crusading" newspaper is a phenomenon that has appeared with this new type of executive. By this term I do not mean the paper which plunges heart and soul, and news and editorial page, into a political campaign in behalf of the party with which it is aligned; but the paper that determines to bring about, as its own private gift to the community, some special reform or public achievement, for which it will claim full credit. A crusade of this sort (which leads the staff to re-evaluate every item of news in the paper) does undoubtedly make for greater circulation. In deciding to embark upon such a crusade, it is difficult for the director to be certain of his own motives. He argues that the objective is a worthy one; and he knows that it will add to circulation. If he has been trained by business rather than editorial experience, the second consideration is good enough! A capable editor, on the other hand, instinctively knows that an unremitting drive for the *truth*, no matter who or what may be immediately helped or harmed by it, is crusade enough for any paper; and it is unremitting.

MY OTHER charges against the newspaper are, in fact, against newspaper readers, rather than newspaper makers. First comes the fact that readers increasingly insist that their papers shall be sources of entertainment rather than of information, and the papers yield to the pressure. If subscribers turn first to the comic strip, and then to the sporting page, and then to that item of news whose only value lies in the fact that it furnishes the excitement of a short

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story, newspaper directors will begin to view the functions of news collection and verification as secondary, and entertainment as first in importance. This attitude of mind must affect the reporters, until Truth is not the thing most sought after, but "Kick." Fashions of news-writing must change. Headlines will expand so in size that there will not be room for them to convey an entire idea, but merely a stimulating suggestion; and it will not be necessary to convey an accurate idea, but merely allurement.

I DO not mean to imply that the demand for newspaper entertainment is anything new in America, but simply that it has increased so tremendously that an editor must be more than human to resist it. President Thomas Jefferson is responsible for the following anecdote:

> The Abbé Raynal was in company with Dr. Franklin and several Americans in Paris, when mention happened to be made of Raynal's anecdote of Polly Baker, related in his sixth volume; upon which one of the company observed that no such law as that alluded to in the story existed in New England. The Abbé stoutly maintained the authenticity of his tale, when Dr. Franklin, who had hitherto remained silent, said — "I can account for all this. You took the anecdote from a newspaper of which I was at that time editor, and happening to be very short of news I composed and inserted the whole story." "Ah, Doctor," said the Abbé, making a true French retreat, "I had rather have your stories than other men's truths."
>
> William Howard Russell, writing home to England in 1862, said: "The same gentleman informed me that he had created the office of Washington correspondent to the New York papers. 'At first,' said he, 'I merely wrote news and no one cared much. Then I spiced it up, squibbed a little, and let off stories of my own. Congressmen contradicted me — issued cards — said they were not facts. The public attention was attracted, and I was told to go on. And so the Washington correspondence became a feature in all the New York papers by degrees.'"

The third charge against the press is also a charge against the public, or that portion of the public which seeks to use the agency of the press for selfish advantage. Pressure upon the editor to break down his standards is brought by every type of citizen, and the editor must be a superman to resist it. Let us assume that his ideal is a news page utterly divorced from editorial opinion or prejudice. Then comes the publicity man, shrewd in ability to deal with editors, skilled in the technique of news-writing, urging a place on the news page for a story that conceals a selfish purpose. But he is not the only one to make such an attack. The pressure comes from friends and neighbors within the community, the Red Cross, the Associated Charities, the Public Health Service, the Rotary Club, the Ladies Aid societies, the university — and they all say, "You know me, John, and you know that my cause is just. Print this stuff as news, because it will help our cause, and oblige me."

LET me summarize my criticisms of the press as a whole. First, newspapers may be regarded purely as commercial enterprises, or they may be regarded as institutions operating in the public service. They are too much under the control and direction today of men trained to view them solely as commercial enterprises.

Second, the reading public is turning to the newspaper for entertainment rather than for information; and even when it seeks infor-

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mation, it must have the entertaining features of each news item over-emphasized until truth is distorted; and the newspapers are "giving the public what it wants."

Third, the value of "publicity" and newspaper advertising has become so great that public and private, corporate and individual interests of every sort, worthy and unworthy, bring enormous pressure to bear upon the editor to sell out his news columns; and quite generally he yields — generally with the excuse that it is in the public interest.

I wish that I might follow each one of these indictments into greater detail. I should like to discuss, for instance, the definition of news, and those standards which the editor knows he should maintain in the face of such pressure as I have described. But space does not permit. Let me then get to more constructive propositions.

THE primary functions of the newspaper are to collect, verify, and distribute the news. Entertainment features, editorial opinions, criticisms of art, drama, sports — these are all secondary to the newspaper's chief business. If it should rededicate itself to that task, with the search for Truth, rather than the search for "Kick" as its dominating purpose, all three of my criticisms would become unjustifiable.

If finding and verifying the news is a first duty, the reporter becomes the most important person in the whole human structure of the press. If his standards break down, the press breaks down. If he goes through a process of training preliminary to employment, and an office experience during his first years of employment, that stiffen his moral backbone and develop his powers, first, to discover the truth, and then to write it down clearly, he is more likely to develop into the type of editor that can resist commercial pressures of every sort. If he finds that employment as a reporter wins the respect of the community, it will mean his own enhanced self-respect. But the public must come to look upon the reporter's badge as implying a peculiar skill, a peculiar degree of trustworthiness, and a position in the community of greater dignity and responsibility than that implied by the badge of an officer of the peace.

TO PROVE what I am saying, one need only imagine the contrary situation. A man of affairs in the community is approached by a slovenly youth who says that he represents the press, and secures an interview, perhaps, because the man of affairs fears to refuse. Later there appears in type a distorted and incompetent report, in which all that was of significance is omitted, and a few phrases that will amuse, shock, or surprise a majority of readers are all that remain; and these, shorn of their context, do not represent the speaker's thought. It is obvious that one leading citizen's respect for the press is destroyed; and the power of the press to be of service to the community is equally weakened. If such a reporter as that goes, by a slow process of promotion, up to an editorial desk, he has no conception of the proper place of a newspaper in the community — so that the direction of the whole news

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collecting organization might far better be in the hands of the business manager!

If the legal and medical professions place importance upon the personal character of apprentices, and by some process of selection attempt to weed out the morally unfit, it is even more important to our communities that there should be the same weeding-out process for apprentices in journalism. Tests of character, so far as they are possible, must bear great weight.

GRANTING character fitness, what are the fundamentals of reportorial training? First of all must come a mind receptive to ideas, and sympathies broadened by well-directed study — "liberalizing" studies that open long vistas into the crowded affairs of our present civilization. Then must come training in the ability to see things objectively, and to interpret what has been seen without a distortion due to personal prejudice.

The criticism will be advanced here that no one can report without distortion. Three men see a crime committed and are put under oath to tell all they saw, just as they saw it, and there will be three contradictory stories. Yet I would plead that as those three observers progress through a period of training in observation, and in the elimination of bias and prejudice, the three stories will come closer and closer together in essential facts.

Training for the development of good judgment is necessary. We may deplore the fact that the public of the present day seeks entertainment rather than news, but that is, after all, the public which must be addressed; and there is no value in any newspaper, however ably handled, if no one reads it! So the reporter must reckon with this public desire for entertainment, and learn how he may most alluringly arrange his facts, *without departing from them.*

I am reminded of an episode in the day's news, happening many years ago in a little town of no special importance. An elderly maiden lady found a small fortune in money and securities hidden away in the attic of her house. The local paper sent out to the Associated Press an item which read, "Fortune found after a lapse of thirty years"; and it was not reprinted anywhere. A re-writer of gleanings from the news sent it out again, "Fortune found in old hair trunk"; and this was reprinted all over the United States. Here there was not addition of any fiction, but an understanding of the value that lay in emphasizing a quaint and homely fact.

IN CONTRAST to this, I recall an episode of a midnight fire near a woman's college. The girls rushed from their dormitories in all stages of attire to watch a burning barn. But it was not important that a barn burned, and there is no news-value in the fact that a lot of young women do not wait to put on all their daytime clothes; so a local reporter had them descending from second-story windows on knotted bed-sheets. When reproached with the fact that there were no knotted sheets, he retorted, "But the New York papers would not have taken the story without them."

My point gains added emphasis

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from these little incidents. The editor of the New York paper had no way of checking up the story and finding that the knotted bed-sheets never existed. *He must trust his reporters.* In his training of them he must explain, in the words of one New York city employer, that "it is an easy matter to *invent* a story which will win the temporary approbation of the city editor, but it is a real test of reportorial ability to win that praise by a skillful arrangement of the exact facts."

THE young men and young women who go out from newspaper offices to mingle with the folk in their community as verifiers of gossip — seeking authoritative sources, proving to readers that facts have been checked — must ultimately determine the strength or weakness of their paper. The editor can not follow them on their journeys, and perhaps by the time he has discovered that one or another lacks either moral stamina or skill, irreparable harm may have been done to the cause of Truth. He must depend upon their training.

Just now, of course, we have a vicious circle. The future of the newspaper depends upon the training of the reporter; yet whatever standards have been established in his mind during his schooling will be overcome by practice in a shop where the editor has false standards. But one must cut the circle somewhere, and it seems most reasonable to urge that a better attitude of mind must somehow begin with those who are youngest. If it can begin with the reporter, not so many years need pass before a generally better type of editor is in the picture.

If my argument seems to lead in the direction of a *licensed* reporter, I must hasten either to define or to get rid of that word, for there must be no authority asserted by the State in the choice of a newspaper staff. Let me turn again to the profession of law, which is so jealous of its own high dignity and repute. The Bar Association demands of the law school a careful selection at entrance, a practical and adequate curriculum, and a severe test before awarding the diploma. But that educational experience is not enough. After that the Association itself insists upon applying its own tests of fitness before the young man is admitted into professional fellowship.

IT HAS been unfortunately true of newspaper editors that they have not bound themselves together into professional organizations with the courage to deny membership to those who are guilty of unprofessional conduct. When that comes about it will be possible for such an organization to apply its own tests of fitness to the graduates of professional schools or colleges, and then grant or deny them license to practice. The applicant for a reportorial job showing certificates proving that he has met tests of character, and passed certain examinations as to fitness, and been approved as a worthy apprentice, can then be sent out at once from the city editor's desk, commissioned to seek the truth and all its necessary verifications. Such a one is least likely to betray the confidence of his editor, and more likely to win for his newssheet the trust and respect of his community.

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The very fact that the reporter is the keystone of the whole structure makes an optimist of me, because he is young and susceptible to training. I am an optimist also because the press is its own shrewdest and severest critic. The strictures expressed in these pages are mild in comparison with those heard in any assemblage of newspaper men. Sooner or later such self-analysis can lead to but one conclusion, reached by either of two routes. Either newspaper workers are engaged in a business or a profession. If in a business, performing a definite public service, they will unite to define their obligations to the community and demand certain guarantees; if in a profession they will unite to define and protect the standards of the profession itself.

As a matter of individual self-preservation the newspaper must come to respect itself so much that it will require a high standard of moral and technical fitness among its apprentices; and not until then can it fully merit the respect of the community. Having regained that, it will by the very nature of its functions become again the leader of democracy.

To Death

Exorcism for a One-Year-Old

By Kathryn Worth

THESE acres hold but greenly yet
The tight and bitter fruit of spring;
Here are no meadows high in corn,
Nor white to summer's harvesting.

No use for you to linger here,
Be off, Old Man, be on your way,
It would not profit you to scythe
A field so newly sown to hay.

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Willis Fletcher Johnson

By B. S. Stanoyevich

A tribute by one of his associates on The North American Review

Others may write of Willis Fletcher Johnson — long associated with The North American Review — as editorial writer, historian and biographer. His works live after him and proclaim him pre-eminently a man of his time. In these pages it seems fitting rather to show those sides of his character which made him a perfect friend, "the gentleman unafraid," as Chancellor Brown of New York University said in eulogy of him.

More than one friend remembers his conversations over the luncheon table, his delightful ease of manner, his courtliness.

"His views were always tinged with humor, never with acid criticism. He was objective and kindly even when demolishing his foes," says one.

At times his reminiscences touched earlier days and he would tell of events in his young manhood; for instance, his decision at the age of sixteen to make his life conform to reason rather than emotion. "One summer day I went out and lay under the sky," he said, in speaking of that period. "There I made a decision which subsequently guided all my actions, changing me from a boy into a man." Yet he was not over-serious in disposition, as is shown by his love of fast horses in the days when the race tracks attracted admirers from among the newspapermen.

In those days his summers were usually spent in town while his wife was at a distance. Once, alone in the hot weather he wrote a poem, giving expression to his loneliness. On its completion he sent the verse to a number of publications, but none accepted it. Then he sent it to an editor friend on *The Open Court;* it was published, and in a few weeks was copied from coast to coast in all the newspapers of the land!

The life of a newspaperman led him to meet all sorts of people, and with an accomplished pen he paid tribute to the endurance of the night workers on a paper, their courage in facing all sorts of conditions, the cold of winter nights in the small hours, how they might be tempted to stop at the corner saloon too long, how some of the most brilliant fell into a habit which later proved their ruin. As for himself, Dr. Johnson knew the fine flavor of rare

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vintages; he was something of a connoisseur in food as well as drink.

One story he used to tell. A young lady friend, who was a student at Vassar, wished to have him witness a performance of a Greek play in which all her colleagues were greatly interested. He had responded favorably to the invitation and with another writer on the *Tribune* staff was due to go to Poughkeepsie, their cards of invitation specifying the exact seating reserved for the two visitors in the auditorium hall. Decked out in their dress suits, the two men arrived and presented their cards. What was their consternation to observe, way down in the centre of the immense audience, their two chairs vacantly waiting, surrounded by a sea of feminity, rows and rows of white dresses, gauzy bows and fluffy scarves.

LATER in life Dr. Johnson came into more and more prominence through his writings, his lecturing, his political activities. At the time when Mr. Taft was President, he was invited to go with the presidential inspection party to visit the Canal. It was while returning from that journey, that he was riding one day in the diner and chatting with Mrs. Taft. They noticed particularly the number of stray dogs which would infest the station platform of every little town through which the train passed. As the train approached a larger place, they casually inquired of the waiter which town it was.

"Why, Colonel," said the colored man. "It's Salisbury, North Carolina, and there's a large sausage factory here."

As Mrs. Taft and Dr. Johnson took an impulsive glance out of the window, they turned to each other and burst into peals of laughter, for there was not a stray dog to be seen anywhere.

The Doctor could, in fact, have gone into politics. He was fitted in many ways for the life of a diplomat, but the lower strata of politics did not appeal to his sense of fineness. His friendships rather gravitated toward those who were in strategic places in national affairs. Occasionally he preached in his local church, the Methodist Episcopal. His leaning early in life had been toward the Episcopalian, but decision not to join that church had been made on the ground of objection to the narrowness of the clergy in regard to the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. A strong and vigorous faith in immortality was one of Dr. Johnson's spiritual assets. He pointed out his belief with so much reason, so much conviction, that in listening to him one could not but likewise feel that life does not cease with death.

HIS old-fashioned house, set among cedars, pines and hemlocks, contained an octagonal-shaped library, so situated as to command views of rolling country. Not far away were the clear waters of the Passaic River at its source. The low ranges of the Orange Mountains outlined the horizon. The master of Firleigh Hall, surrounded by his library of thousands of volumes, wrote far into the night. Near the library stood his piano and organ. He loved ponderous and majestic strains, and felt akin to all that is great in art.

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Scenarios to the Office Boy

By Bernard Simon

In the scenario department of one of the greatest motion picture firms in America is a long table piled high with manuscripts. These are scenarios that have been sent in by amateur writers from all over the world. To the table there comes twice a week a $15 office boy, Oscar by name, who takes the manuscripts out of their incoming envelopes, puts them into their outgoing envelopes with the addition of a polite form-letter of rejection, and mails them back to their authors unread.

It seems a rude and stupid thing to do. Such a procedure apparently justifies the oft-repeated excuse of the tribe of rejected authors that "you've got to have influence" to have material accepted; and it appears wantonly wasteful thus summarily to reject what may be hundreds of brilliant and original stories. Why does this scenario department, whose function is to seek out new ideas in fiction for picturization — why does it rashly throw back these stories without even a casual glance to see if they are available?

I asked that question of the scenario editor and he callously replied that "There isn't a good story in a carload of them." Since he hadn't read any of them, I remained incredulous.

"Listen," he told me with the patience of a teacher instructing a dull pupil, "for two years we had four readers at a salary of $3,000 a year each, reading their eyes out on those unsolicited manuscripts. And they didn't find a single story worth recommending even to me. And so, after wasting $24,000 on them, we gave them up."

I was interested and spent some time examining these unsolicited contributions. I discovered that the scenario editor was overpoweringly right. Most of the scripts shriek forth at the first glance the literary incompetency of their authors. Sometimes they are in scrawling, barely legible handwriting, sometimes, even, in pencil and (sin of journalistic sins!) written on both sides of the paper. Each page is almost sure to contain several absurd errors of grammar and orthography.

But I would not allow this obvious unfitness to prejudice me. "Just because a man may be ignorant of spelling and the necessity of writing on only one side of the paper," I told myself, "does not mean that he is lacking in imagination and originality. These authors may be simple, uneducated people, but they may be for that reason more natural, less

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self-conscious, less cynically showmanlike and bound by worn-out formulæ of plot construction, than the professional writers. They may understand life better than the artificial ones who know what the subjunctive mode is."

But the fact is they don't. A story written without regard to spelling and grammar is sure to fall into one of these categories: (a) hackneyed imitations of recent popular successes, or (b) autobiographical stories, trivial and pointless even though true.

THE authors of manuscripts in the first category are probably entirely unconscious of their plagiarism. Bitten with the desire to write, they are, without knowing it, influenced in plot invention by what has impressed them recently, and their stories are plodding versions of the commonest of stock plots. Their adherence to the formulæ is even greater than that of the facile old professionals who know so well how to block in the ancient stencils with deceiving new colors.

As for the second category, the volume of autobiographical narratives is so great as to revive one's faith in the true-story kind of magazine. Cynical hack-writers have been confessing so much their fraudulent manufacture of "true-confession" stories, that one may well doubt whether there are any genuine confession stories. There are. But they find their ways to the marketplaces of *fiction*. And as if these stories did not unmistakably bear the mark themselves, they are usually accompanied by notes explaining that the incidents "really happened" either to the author or to relatives or friends.

Alas, that truth is less entertaining than fiction! These narratives are of events that are undramatic, commonplace, trivial — often disgusting when they are love stories. Sticking rigidly to the truth, the authors have scorned to inject any artifices. As a result, the stories are very much like life — diffuse, without a steadily mounting suspense, without formal proportion, and with the climaxes misplaced or entirely lacking. Sometimes an interesting situation is described, but nothing comes of it; it is not brought to a head, it trails off into a solution that is dull and undramatic.

The hopeless and illiterate letters that frequently accompany unsolicited manuscripts are pitiful documents — a whole Americana of futility. They usually tell of the author's desire to sell his manuscript because of his poverty. They plead for a chance to make a start at writing and they detail the heroic effort that has been made against odds of illness and other misfortunes to accomplish the contribution. The writers seem to be under the illusion that the relation of their own hardships is a selling point for their scenarios. The fact is that these letters themselves tell a better story (between the lines) than the accompanying manuscript.

AS A specimen of unconsciously fine tragic writing, I submit the following letter, signed with an Italian name and coming from Chicago with a scenario entitled *How I Became a Slave:*

You will excuse me if i geve you much truble but as they said never geve up so i'm here again with another story. I should like to explaine as you will see that the typist was

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in a hurry and left some of the word out and some of them only part of them are here but as i'm sure that this story will go the same way as the other i dint take the truble of having the same ritypet. You may think me a pert but i cant help in my spare time i have to write something, i know that is all time lost i'm very sorry for to have you loose some of you woluable time in looking over such trash but after this i will truble you no more, if not suited please return and i will quit writing for ever.

A good many scenarios received by the film company, I noted, are by immigrants. Through the obscurity of their spelling and construction can be seen a thoughtful attitude — frequently a Slavic or Latin quality of unusual intensity — that makes them all the less salable as film stories. In the majority of such cases, the immigrants are imbued with a fulsome patriotism that would shame the professional 100 per cent American who is so contemptuous of them. Grateful for the opportunities they have found in America, these aliens display an egregious Americanism that is positively cloying. Almost invariably their stories narrate the history of their own lives and make much of the fact that they passed through Ellis Island with hardly a sou and now own a house with running water, a radio and a Ford, that their children are being educated to love the flag with stars and stripes.

A number of scenarios are received from abroad, too. These are from more cultivated sources. In fact, the trouble is that they are too cultivated. The stories are sensitive, poetic, exotic — frequently metaphysical. Simply out of the question for motion pictures. For example, a Polish engineer living in Warsaw, sent in a scenario entitled *The Life and Work of Charles Baudelaire.* In his hopeful letter, this optimistic gentleman wrote:

Vous savez que Baudelaire, un de plus éminent poèts du monde, très original, comme votre E. Poë, a eu une vie triste, pénible, et pleine d'imprévu. Je suppose donc que ma pièce, abondante en des moments tragiques et pittoresques, sera pour vous d'une grande utilité.

His supposition was in error, for like all the others of that week's pile, his scenario, in beautiful copperplate handwriting, was taken from its own envelope and sent back in a new one by the $15 a week office-boy. With the same mail there were returned four gentle Pirandelloesque stories to a Germaine Velaudiere in Morocco, who described herself in her letter as a young girl of nineteen who wishes, despite having to live away from the great capitals with her father, who is in the military, to make a career for herself. What other means of self-expression is open to her in the remote region of Morocco, she asks, than writing for the films?

A number of the wretched, pencilled notes on Oscar's table are from tuberculars who are forced to live in remote spots where making a sedentary livelihood is almost impossible. Correspondents write out detailed case histories of illnesses from which they or near relatives are suffering and express the hope that the scenario editor will buy the stories so that they can pay doctors' bills and buy medicine. To spend fifteen minutes looking over Oscar's table is as poignant an experience as reading a whole Russian novel.

A good many manuscripts come

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from the hospitals of the Veterans' Bureau. These are all war stories. There is a thin scattering, too, of pieces from prisons. These are all gangland melodramas.

Almost invariably the letters end with a plea for criticism and help. Oscar, being a facile-witted boy, is competent to do this, but even he is too busy. He is not by any means too young to advise these ambitious authors, for roughly a fifth of the contributions come from presumptuous high-school pupils. The juvenile conceit of their letters makes them amusing.

MANY of the authors, who have probably never themselves been on a motion picture set, have a refreshing self-assurance in their knowledge of what will make a good film. From a lady in Rapid City, South Dakota, one-time summer capital of the United States, there came two of the cutest little scenarios you could imagine, entitled *Please Bring Me a Daddy* (the protagonist was *not* a chorus girl) and *Take Me Back to Chickie-Wickie-China-Town*, accompanied by this explanatory letter:

> Mass of middle-class folk is clamoring for something different. Are satiated with gang stories and the cheap sex drama, or the thriller which leaves a bad taste.
>
> Also, parents with high ideals, everywhere are demanding pictures of higher moral tone so that they can safely have their children accompany them to movie shows. Do not want children fed up on baser passion, time-limit kiss stuff.
>
> I have arranged my scenarios to make of them all-family pictures with inspirational allegory. So arranged as to make it possible to shoot all the scenes and to exhibit picture at any season. Cost of production comparatively small. No high-salaried star required. Opportunity for producer to try out his understudies. Just enough in pathos, just enough humor, just enough beauty, and just enough thrill and spectacular to make the picture an ideal one for a family picture.
>
> Will you not give my scenarios (subject to change and improvement) a fair reading? They are both copyrighted in my name.

HOWEVER, the prize for real hardihood of an amateur in the face of professional experts of the film world must go to a gentleman of Mayfield, Pennsylvania, who declared in the first sentence of his letter that there can be no possible doubt that his story will make a great picture although this is his first attempt in that kind of work. His letter continues:

> I have planned to write four or five stories this coming year, if I can possibly find the time to do it in. Therefore I hope this will receive your prompt acceptance and help me carry out my plans. As a special inducement, I will sell you an option on my total output for the coming year.
>
> I must ask for a quick decision on your part either for acceptance or regestion (?), as the first scenes of the story are laid in Detroit, in the early spring of the year. Therefore, if you intend to film it this year, now is the time for action.
>
> In addition to the above, I offer my services, either in writing the continuity or the direction of the picture or both. As I have studied the technicalities of the motion picture industry, I can probably be of invaluable assistance to you in this manner. I shall be available at any time to suit your convenience.
>
> Hoping that my offering will receive your favorable, but above all, your just decision, I remain
>
> Yours truly,
> Bernard A. Iwanik
> Pseudo: — Bartholomew I. Lipton.

One should not be surprised to find that many authors, like Mr. Iwanik, assume as elegant *noms de plume* as Bartholomew I. Lipton. Nearly half of the scenario-manufacturers sign

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their letters with one name, to insure proper delivery of the expected check, and their works with another. Mr. Iwanik's name, it is true, leaves something to be desired for by-line purposes, but many of his colleagues seek to conceal names that are pleasant-sounding and Anglo-Saxon, sometimes even distinguished, such as Mr. Fauntleroy of Shreveport, who preferred to be known as Mr. Elliott. It would appear that these rising authors are indifferent to fame. My own guess is that they employ pseudonyms to cover the confessional nature of their stories when (as and if) the picture is shown in their own locality.

The rustic's distrust of the city dweller, intensified by the widely credited stories of dastardly manuscript piracies said to take place in the wicked film magnates' offices, is frequently found in these letters. Without any tactful circumlocutions, some of these authors warn the picture company that their stories are copyrighted and that the company had better not steal them if it knows what is good for it. Others, admitting they are putting their heads in the lion's mouth, entrust their scenarios to the honor of the company. Much has been, and more could be, written about the hundreds of sincere as well as fraudulent claims of plagiarism put forth by unknowns — all mistaken, since not even the Oscars of the film companies read the scripts.

GENTLEMEN of the cloth, having leisure and some practise at literary composition, are not lacking among the contributors. If their sermons are as dull as their scenarios, I pity their congregations. For religious fervor, one must investigate the offerings of the parishioners, who may not be so well educated, theologically or secularly, but are possessed of a zeal unhindered by dignity or expediency.

A lady in Spokane, sending in a scenario suspiciously following the story of that ancient success, *Quo Vadis?*, asks, after the usual preliminary paragraph concerning her urgent need for money:

"Will you buy scenarios based on Bible stories? I am well versed in these stories — have collection of eight Bibles in my house, also a concordance and complete study of Bible study books. So would like to try them. . . . Thanking you for business, I am very truly yours. . . ."

PROPAGANDISTS for new religious cults assiduously seek to gain converts through pictures. The following is an extraordinary letter from an author of this type. She is a woman in Santa Cruz County, California, who, while not limiting herself to stories about her sect, seeks to further the cause by writing for pictures.

I pray you list, while I toot my shining horn. Kind begets kind. Scientifically correct! And my creations are like unto myself — Unique! Postively incomparable.

I am the original She-Bear of Kipling fame. Not a person but an idea. A spec of star dust flung by cosmic force upon this man-pocked earth.

A she-hermit dwelling in the heart of the hills, on a mountain where the wild deer brouse and Nature bares her beauty and her wounds.

For twenty years I have delved in the mysteries of Nature, and wrestled with the problems of Life. Now I am heavy with treasure, like a woman big with child, and I cry like the voice in the Wilderness, only for deliverance.

Loose as the leaves of the forest are the leaves of the written word. Non-personal and pure as the streamlet, yet keen as the naked

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sword. The Why of Life is answered. The How of Life is scored. And the Purpose a New World creating over all is potently poured.

Philosophy new and world-shaking Religion, a Babe New Born, are here and ripe for the making of 'The Book' by the great Cape Horn. Money I need for the making since helpers all must be paid. And help I must have or go skating to hell with Heaven delayed. So I would sell my few stories to pay for the task to be done. I work not for pay nor glories, but to get the world's goat on the run! Hoping this may get yours and insure a comeback, Faithfully,

P. S. I can write on any subject from any viewpoint and in any way, shape or form. But I cannot prepare printer's copy. Last but not least, I am the Kelp Queen by right of conquest. I can produce anything, from a spoon to a castle with complete furniture. From a man to a monkey and a lady fair. And clothe her completely and then make a bower of Kelp-kissed beauty and sea-blown flower. No kidding! I am the Queen with a big "q" of the Kelp domain. A slender mermaid too with hair like golden rain. Longer than the dresses the flappers wear. And I'll sell anything I have in order to give life to the New Philosophy and New Religion before I die. Yours for a New Heaven and a New Earth.

FROM Virginia and other parts of the South come highly literate contributions by maiden ladies, of the shabby-genteel class, judging by the arid style, which are motion picture arrangements of narrative poems by men ranging from Longfellow to Shelley. At least two such arrangements of Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes* are received a week. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and the two Browning commonplaces, *My Last Duchess* and *In a Gondola* are all tied for second place in this competition, the score being one arrangement a week of each. The ladies are not above admitting that they are "urged by the spur of necessity at present and realize the remunerative field of the films," as a Georgian phrased it, and they offer their "wide acquaintance with general literature" as a qualification for any position that might be open.

HOWEVER, lest you begin to believe that Oscar's table is covered only with the innocuous effusions of clergymen and old maids — prim, proper and staid — let me remind you that these are but raindrops in the salt sea of sheer imbecility that flows and ebbs across the table-top. The overwhelming majority of contributions fall into the hopeless class that is exemplified perfectly by the following letter from McKeesport, Pennsylvania:

please find enclose my manuscript it runs somewhat thusly. Bill Jenson is wounded & is nursed back to health by Janice Dean who he eventually falls in love with her. He stands betwix her & the world. Smooch Perkins who covets her property & etc. It has a fairly good heart interest as for action turn to page 124 and read thru to 128 & etc. Jensons throws a double fight. Please let me have an early answer. On the end Bill Jenson is tempted by Smooch. — the split of a $150,000 mail robbery but decides in Janice's favor. He (here there is crossed out "demonst —" "demostr —" and "dimon —") proves his worth & etc. Yours truly. . . .

One may say truly that this implied story is no worse than that used for a thousand Western pictures of the last twenty years. But the fact is that this type of picture no longer has a wide appeal, and for the few that are still made for the little ten-cent houses of our villages and suburbs, stories are ground out cheaply and with great facility by experienced Hollywood hacks without the assistance of such gentlemen as the McKeesport contributor.

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Frequently scenarios from foreign sources are accompanied by ardent requests for jobs in motion pictures, thinly disguised efforts to reach the United States at some one else's expense. Most of the pleas for acting opportunities come from Spanish America, with handsome Lotharios of Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico being the most numerous. It seems a remote chance to Oscar that a new Valentino might be discovered in this way, so Oscar merely writes across the form rejection letter that goes back with the scenario, "Not engaging any actors now."

The most extraordinary attempt to obtain an acting engagement at long distance was from one who described himself as belonging to the "Chatpavan Maharastra Brahmins, one of the most envied castes of India." This young man, living in Nagpur, undertook to *enslave* himself to the film company for a period of two years in return for passage to the United States and an opportunity to enter motion pictures. He earnestly declared he had no accent but spoke the clearest English, and he told of his ability at winning scholarships and prizes at Nagpur University and of his proficiency at swimming, riding and fencing. He wrote:

> I have described myself so thoroughly because from my childhood I have cherished the desire to learn the art of cinematography. I have received a medal for my acting in college dramas. I practise cinema acting in front of the looking-glass. I am certain that in a short time and under expert direction I shall be another Rudolph Valentino, as the acting of his type suits me much. I will be useful to you for supplying your company with Hindu mythological, historical and social stories for film production and also for the customs and costumes required therein. I have for a long time thought over this point and am determined to devote my whole life to this precious art. I have great and lucrative schemes in my mind which I shall personally disclose to you in America.

Oscar, the hardened clearing-house of high hopes from all over the world, found this letter amusing. "Whoops!" he said, "he can be the Prince of Wales for all I care."

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A College Warden Speaks

By Laura W. L. Scales

These Are Problems Which Only Women's Colleges Face

Current periodicals bear witness that not only book education but the non-curricular life of students is in the boiling pot of discussion. Probably more people feel competent to pass on the desirability of motors and "boy friends" than on the relative values of Latin or Science. Though college faculties might be glad to concentrate on the academic work of their students, in practice it can not be done. The young person has to eat and sleep and play, if he or she is to study. "College life" is the environing influence of the academic life. This is especially true in colleges which have accepted the responsibility of students in residence.

In the women's colleges (with which this paper is chiefly concerned) the business of ordering the non-curricular life of the student is particularly insistent. It has become more insistent in the last twenty years. Some fifty years ago when most of the women's colleges were young, social life seems to have been an artificial plant. At least as told in the early history of Smith College, it was consciously nursed by formal receptions, by a barge ride for all the young ladies, or on a rainy Saturday afternoon with the help of a fire in the back parlor, by the beguilement of fancy work and light literature read aloud.

But the young bookworm of those days under pressure to prove herself mentally competent to handle men's studies is a being extinct. The increase in social and non-curricular interests grew everywhere until so many deans, deans of women, or advisers of girls had been appointed to look after these interests, that in 1913 there was a large enough group to form the National Association of Deans of Women. Rules and regulations which at the beginning of the century had been few or merely a matter of common understanding, were definitely stated, added to, printed and codified, usually at the request of the student body. Student government associations with varying powers came into existence. The reason for the change was the facing of facts: numbers became relatively large; student bodies, no longer homogeneous, represented every sort of cultured and uncultured background; home training in social standards and responsibility was variable as the weathervane; and

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with accelerating pace the pursuit of pleasure became a recognized avocation of youth. Today certain parts of students' non-curricular activity is only less organized than the curriculum itself.

THINGS are not made simpler for colleges, faculty and students alike, since college life has had on it the searchlight of publicity. What was to the fathers the play of children, is brought out now in the headlines as sensation or scandal. And alongside of publicity there goes the habit of generalizing. A group of three drinking at the bar of an ocean steamer *are* Smith or Vassar; a single runaway girl or an accident in a car — and the whole administration of the college is faulty. College students far from living in a world apart are under every one's observation and from a world on tiptoe for sensation, invite suspicion.

The public seems often to think of college supervision, especially for girls, as a police control. If one abnormal girl comes to harm or the *enfants terribles* of the Freshman class kick up their heels, the college is criticized for not holding in leash the whole student body. Yet who, granted the power, would willingly hinder the freedom of the nine hundred and ninety-nine for the one thousandth girl who may be abnormal? Or who, because of a few miscreants, wants to doubt and insult the whole body of well-doers? I recall a father of a much spoiled girl who could not go to sleep when she wanted to, because her neighbor drew a bath. In protest at my would-be rational though futile attempts to correct the difficulty, he suggested that a sign be posted in bathrooms that any student who ran a bath after ten P.M. should be expelled from college.

For several years smoking in the women's colleges offered a nice field for the skirmish of opinion. To many it seemed the obvious and simple thing for the colleges to say, "Thou Shalt Not." Today there is not one of the larger women's colleges in the East that believes this a possible method. To the girls who form the constituency of these colleges, suppression of smoking is not a reasonable policy, and attempts to enforce it brought out in them untrustworthiness and evasion. On the other hand, actual smoking under the conditions of campus life, lighted up for the girls not only their cigarettes, but their understanding of certain hard facts. So obviously did the careless and inexperienced smokers, that most were, risk life and property, that student government associations had to set limits of hour and place and demand decency and manners. Dolly, smoking about behind the back of the law, was no longer the college heroine, but someone to be dealt with. Smoking proved to be not unalloyed privilege, but rather an education in meeting facts.

IN HANDLING the life of its students the chances are good that a college administration at all equal to its task is a little out of step with the opinion of the street. For this reason: college supervision, dealing with the living material of young growing and changing things, should be flexible, even pragmatic at times. It is not a good administration if led by the nose by these young people; neither

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is it good if it does not always realize that its work is for a world, not oriented toward the past, but one which these young people, a new generation, are to make and live in. College policy to some extent has to be experimental, mindful of the past, but moving on to secure and safeguard the future. Understanding and intelligent sympathy are not the seeds from which springs Radicalism.

WHAT is the best method to use depends much upon with whom one is working. So much nonsense has been said and sung about this college generation, that persons interviewing us in college offices act as if we had told them news when we express pride in our students. So, let us repeat that the great bulk of students with whom colleges are working are honest, progressively self-controlled, interested in some phase of their work and coöperative if intelligently approached. If the immaturity beneath their seeming sophistication is baffling, equally surprising is their reasonableness once they see with an older person all around the circumference of a matter. Working with such a group, colleges, in ordering the life of their students, are headquarters not for police power but for educational training. Exercise of control over the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of its students, can be justified if it proves a necessary part of the educational process by which young things grow into responsible beings. Control of "college life" as distinct from the college curriculum, is based on the assumption that it is waste to turn out insulated minds into a world operating through personal adjustments. A girl brilliant in her studies was so uncontrolled and a-social that her fellows sought relief so far as to the doors of the warden's office. Even with the help of a psychiatrist, we could not persuade the girl that concern for her social relationships was anything but interference. She was here to study. Yet when later she wanted to teach, she asked for recommendation from the college. The inevitable questions confronted us: Can she adjust herself to her fellows? Would she be dependable with children?

IN MOST women's colleges the student government association is the visible symbol of social supervision. Varying with the nature of the matter concerned, it makes regulations independently, or in conference with the dean of women or a faculty commission, and accepts responsibility. For instance, it arranges how students leaving town shall register absence and deals with delinquents and imposes penalties short of suspension from college. The undergraduate whose will or pleasure is thwarted may call this the police power; but over and over again a slipping girl has admitted that it was the saving of her to be caught up before she took a real fall. Frankly, one has to admit that it is important for deans of women and student government associations to watch themselves to make sure in regulations and discipline of an educational goal. To keep practice and ideal together is part of their educational training! Exhilarating are the results when they succeed.

As the fruit of experience, we find that certain definite educational

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needs call for the ordering of college life. These may be roughly summarized as adjustment to academic work, adjustment to social convention and public opinion, adjustment of individual to community, and inclusive of all, the need of personal maturing. Few of the regulations of college life serve only one of these purposes, but for convenience, it is possible to take a few examples to illustrate one purpose only.

ALMOST all colleges limit the ownership and use of motor-cars. This is primarily a restriction for academic ends. How many of our young scholars-in-the-making would survive the distraction, restlessness and absence incident to the automobile? And the danger lurks about to devour not only the owner of the car, but many others, those plentiful friends to a free ride. Even so, the obvious question arises: Why is it not better education to let things take their course, drop the girl and let her learn from results? This is a nice question, recurring often in social training. It may be that college officials who have faced the misery of parents of dropped students are cowards about repeating the experience, but their real answer is a more fundamental one. They have learned discriminations in risks. When the dice are all loaded on one side and the outcome is not temporary defeat, but the possible altering of a life plan, as older people, they can not sit by and see young ones pay at such cost. *Post hoc — propter hoc* is not a fallacy when applied to academic disaster and motors. Similarly, for most students, uncontrolled absence from college is likely to work havoc with study. Some colleges regulate absence by a requirement of attendance at classes, others by a residence requirement of so many nights a semester which must be passed in a college building. Parents sometimes, disappointed at the loss of frequent visits from their daughters, fail to understand the protective nature of this regulation: their own pride is likely to be saved. In the long run, students like the rest of us seem happier when trying to live only one life at a time.

THERE is much current talk about the unnaturalness of women's colleges because there are not men about the place. Of course this is nonsense. Whatever may have been true in the 'Nineties when people stayed put, now men on campus are not week-endly but hourly occurrences. In return the girls take their allowed time off at games and parties in the men's colleges. Women's colleges, not nunneries afraid of men, plan their dormitories and their social life for the suitable entertainment of men. Inevitably it follows here as in coeducational universities that many college regulations have to do with social undertakings with men. Irksome though these may be to the chronic "fusser," their cause for being is usually self-evident. It is in less obvious ways that social education is more important. Freshman Lucy remarks to me that she is going to a dance at a man's college with a "blind date." The man, it seems, is being furnished by a girl whom she knows little and admires less. What chance for a satisfactory man? She had failed to think of that, but on reflection gives up the dance.

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(She went to many others.) The father of upper class Mary gives her permission to stay alone in a large hotel at a man's college during a football weekend. Had she thought whether she or the college wanted the kind of talk about her that might arise? A low motive? A social convention? But sometimes the girl, hurt and surprised for the first time by the unkindness of the world, her own mates included, discovers in these despised conventions her safeguards against distress. The constant problem of deans of women and student government associations is not with the moral code: it is with good sense and good taste. Where if not in colleges should the gentlewoman be found?

If I vote against chapel, how can a majority vote of the others force me to attend chapel? If I want to play my victrola after ten at night, who can stop me? If every one else chews gum, why shouldn't I? If the others only study to get by, why should I give up bridge and work for honors? This sort of questions in college covers familiar ground: the nation duplicates them in the prohibition laws; noise abatement commissions meet them in city apartment houses; and the intelligent everywhere shudder at standardization and vulgarization. This age-old job of civilization, the working out of relationship between individual and group, the colleges get in concentrated form. Persons from a great variety of backgrounds come and share in the closest kind of living, physical and emotional; they are at an age when individualism is rampant, and yet, paradoxically, when social coercion acts with the monotony of a rubber stamp. It is the business of the college to help revalue both of these tendencies. It wants to turn out women independent in their thinking and doing, yet sensitive and unselfish. Some of this is attempted by positive regulation — the all-quiet after ten o'clock of student government rules; by conference when Betty comes in discouraged because she can't talk the language of the crowd; by actual trial and error in the daily impinging of girl on girl; by custom and tradition, the college greater than the sum of its parts.

All of these other adjustments are part of the process of growing up. That is always going on — a great, silent river sweeping all along from matriculation to graduation and into the outer world. One of the most fascinating occupations of us in college offices is watching the freshman turn into the senior; cynically, one might say, the self-sufficient youngster into the open-minded adult. "How does it happen you asked your house mother for her opinion?" I ask a senior whose former desires to be left alone foretold no such weakness as this. "Oh, I suppose when we're seniors we aren't so sure we know," she answered. Delightful it is to watch when the self-assertion and pseudo-initiative of the freshman brought up in the modern home and progressive school turn into that amazing capacity of the upper classman to catch on, fit in, and carry through with others on a job, as if she were part of a well-laid plan. Still more delightful is it to watch as the freshman's self-

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absorption in her own world breaks through to the senior's dawning interest in the newspaper, the new poetry or world peace.

While the most important part of this opening up of her life comes to the girl from her academic studies, much too comes from college life as such. Taking hold of non-curricular activities, be it as class president, athletic association treasurer, or debating club manager, is a practical lesson in handling people and taking responsibility. There is help for the girl who will seek it in conference with the many members of the faculty and administration, who in a modern college are organized to be at her service. Their point of view may be neither different from nor better than that of home, but because it can be more impersonally given, she may be less shy of it. How often college officers hear from parents, "I'm so glad you said it. It's just what I've been saying. But she can't believe it from me." Of unlimited possibility toward growth is friendship — the daily give and take between girl and girl or girl and boy, all thrashing out the problems of their age. And again, indefinable but real, mingling with all the other experiences, the spirit of the college speaks to her — the beauty and fellowship of things visible and invisible that haunt the campus.

To accomplish the transforming of child into adult is to travel a long road. The steps taken in college are not all without loss. Some sacrifices have been unavoidable. Opinions held by the family have been thrown overboard. There may be loss of freshness or there may be over-assertion of the will to do. Often it is hard to estimate gain or loss; with some students the college apparently fails in social, if not in academic, education, and without the coöperation of parents it seldom succeeds. To a tragic degree the girls under college discipline come from broken homes. But to a happy degree when college and parents work together, the girl has her full chance.

From parents and public who understand what is the aim of the college for its students, there is chance for constructive criticism. How better to accomplish what all want is the problem. Are we not on common ground in agreeing that the college owes its students an environment of order and beauty, physical and spiritual, a demand from them for work to the best of their ability, time outside of the rush of doing for play and reflection, the joy of lasting friendships, contact with persons of outstanding minds and character, and inducement to the building up of aspiration and idealism? These things are the stuff by which youth is moulded to maturity.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

WITH one foot on the gangplank of *The General von Steuben*, bound for Germany, the Landscaper in this article will take a lingering look at the American literary scene. His next report will be, D. V., from England, where before many days have passed he will be as deep in the books published there as he is now in the books published on this side of the Atlantic. Before this farewell survey begins, however, suppose we take a side glance at what has been happening in a country dear to this observer's heart, as whatever faithful followers he may have already know. The reference is to Spain, where, with a quite astonishing suddenness, a republic, principally in the hands of the nation's intellectuals, has come into being. Having watched the growth of republican sentiment in the country for five years, and having spent a good many hours with the men who are now in power, the Landscaper was naturally interested to the point of complete absorption in every line of the news dispatches that came out of Madrid during the now-historic days when the shift was made from monarchy to republic.

This is no place for political prophecies, and so the Landscaper will make none, except to say that the indications seem favorable for the republican régime, unless the Communist and left-wing element in the country takes a notion to make a real bid for power. It is not fair to Spain to generalize in the present instance from the fate of the republican experiment in 1873; the world has changed considerably since that day, and even a country where time seems to stand still has been profoundly influenced by the universal trend toward democratic forms of government. There are a number of books available that will help intelligent readers to understand the situation more clearly, and no doubt there will be many more available as soon as publishers can have them written. The best single volume to read just now is Salvador de Madariaga's *Spain* (Scribner's), which is of especial interest to Americans because Don Salvador has been appointed Ambassador to the United States. His *Spain* is a brilliant analysis of the country and its people, and covers the period through the fall of Primo de Rivera, whose

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surrender of his powers as dictator really marked the beginning of the end for Bourbon dynasty, as his successor, Berenguer, was a man of little intelligence and no force whatever. Since the question of what is to become of that troublesome northeast corner of the country, where most of the capital and industry is concentrated, is of prime importance, something should be known of Catalonia, and the best treatment of the subject in English is to be found in J. B. Trend's *A Picture of Modern Spain* (Knopf). Houghton Mifflin have just brought out a new illustrated edition of Havelock Ellis's *The Soul of Spain*, which remains a *sine qua non* for the understanding of the land and the people; other useful books are Henry Dwight Sedgwick's *Spain, a Short History* (Little, Brown). Those who care to strike deeper should read Miguel de Unamuno's *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* (Knopf), and anyone seeking an exposition of the Catalan side of the question will find it in Georges Dwelshauvers' *La Catalogne et Le Problème Catalan*, published by Felix Alcan in Paris. Rodney Gallup's recent *The Book of the Basques* (Macmillan), is a very fine volume on another racial division within the borders of Spain. This is a brief list on a large subject, but as the later books come along, the Landscaper promises to try to call attention to the good ones.

The Pulitzer Prizes

Aside from the upset state of affairs in Spain, and a continuance of world-excitement about Russia, the annual award of the Pulitzer Prize has engaged a large share of the attention of the Landscaper. Margaret Ayer Barnes's *Years of Grace*, published by Houghton Mifflin, was praised here when it made its appearance for just what it is, a solid, satisfying, decent piece of fiction — comfortably bourgeois in every respect, and coming, it seems to this observer, about as near to fulfilling the rules laid down for the guidance of the prize committee as any book it has selected. It is not by any stretch of the imagination a work of genius, however, and the critics who have quarreled with the award have very good reason for their difference of opinion with the committee; on the whole the Landscaper was more upset by the award of an earlier prize to La Farge's *Laughing Boy*, a piece of romantic hokum if there ever was one. The poetry award, made to Robert Frost for his *Collected Poems*, or, in other words, for the body of his contribution to American poetry, may have been somewhat obvious, but it would be hard to pay Mr. Frost all the honor he deserves for his work. Of the other prizes, there is hardly space to speak, and besides, the newspapers have probably pretty well exhausted the subject. Arguments will always follow the announcements; they do no harm at all, and might even persuade newspaper readers, in some extreme cases, that books are as important in their own way as Legs Diamond.

Debunking a War

The Landscaper's usually orderly mind has been a little upset by what seem to him the excellencies of several of the recent books, so here goes for a few books, without any

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particular regard for classification. First of all, there is Walter Millis's *The Martial Spirit: Being a Study of Our War with Spain* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), as neat and devastating a debunking of one whole war as a diligent search of the world's literature might reveal. Perhaps it will be of primary interest to the generation that remembers all the patriotic ecstasies of the period; the Landscaper recalls without effort that he played the part of Cuba in many an improvised boyhood drama because of his extreme thinness. Mr. Millis thinks a good deal less than nothing of the part America played in the War for Cuban liberation. He jeers at the motives that sent us into the war, proves by the documents that Spain did everything possible to avoid it, knowing that it would be disastrous, and pokes fun at all those heroes of our childhood, such as Joe Wheeler, Schley, and even the redoubtable Teddy, who, he says, fought the war in the presence of all the war correspondents he could collect about him. One supposes that Mr. Millis's exceedingly ironical book will make a good many patriots angry and provoke some indignant denials, but he seems to know quite well what he is talking about.

Katherine Mayo Again

SPEAKING as one who was not wholly convinced by Katherine Mayo's sensational *Mother India*, although realizing that it would probably do a lot of good, the Landscaper must report that he has been very much impressed with *Volume Two* by Miss Mayo (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which continues the story of Volume One. Following Miss Mayo's first book a commission of nine Indians and one Englishwoman doctor set out upon an elaborate investigation of the child-marriage situation, and Miss Mayo's present book is condensed from their findings. It is calm in tone and highly factual; also it states clearly and simply the Brahmanical attitude toward early marriage as a policy. It also gives a great deal of evidence to show that, despite the excuse that these early marriages are not consummated until the girl involved has reached puberty, conditions of the most shocking sort prevail in this respect. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Miss Mayo's books attract attention among the prurient-minded, but this aside, they are filled with social dynamite. *Volume Two* will probably arouse another storm of indignation, but India is anxious for the good will of the Western world, and some modification of the practices exposed by Miss Mayo seem inevitable. Certainly no amount of "you, too" can lighten the horror with which the civilized world must look upon this virtual murder of children, which results in suffering and death on the part of the girls, and in a degeneracy of the racial stock because of the extreme youth of most of the mothers in the country.

More Books About Russia

BOOKS about Russia continue to pour from the presses, and there will be as many out this autumn as have been published this spring. The very simple reason is that Russia is at the moment the most interesting country in the world for itself, and what is more important, the results of the experiment there, most people now seem to recognize, are bound to

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affect the whole future of the rest of the world. The best of the recent volumes on the subject for the general reader is Maurice Hindus's *Red Bread* (Cape and Smith, $3.50), a worthy successor to Mr. Hindus's *Humanity Uprooted*, which is still selling splendidly. Mr. Hindus has a distinct advantage over many of the people who write about the country in being Russian himself; these are his own people who are going through incredible changes, and he knows very well how to keep the human elements uppermost. *New Russia's Primer: The Story of the Five-Year Plan* by M. Ilin (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75) is a little book written originally to teach the fundamentals of the present Soviet economic scheme to the Russians themselves. It is well illustrated, and takes more than a few flings at our own capitalistic civilization. A very clever book, this, and disquieting for its cleverness. No one could fail to understand what the Russians are driving at in the Five-Year Plan after studying Ilin's primer. More specialized is *Why Recognize Russia?* by Louis Fischer (Cape and Smith, $2.50), which is an ardent plea on the part of Mr. Fischer that we give our full recognition to the U. S. S. R. Mr. Fischer has also written *The Soviets in World Affairs* in two volumes. He argues well, and has many facts at his fingerends.

A Biography of Stalin

THEN there is Isaac Don Levine's *Stalin* (Cosmopolitan, $3.50), the first full-length biography of the present ruler of Russia to be made available in English. Stalin is the Man of Steel; Lenin himself bestowed the sobriquet by which he will go down in history. His real name is Soso Djugashvli, and his father was a shoemaker in the Caucasus. Mr. Levine, who was born in Russia and who has already written books on the revolution and on Lenin, has made a most careful study of all the available materials on Stalin, and has done what appears to be a fair portrait. Stalin, says Mr. Levine, is a solid man, whose driving force is idealism combined with absolute ruthlessness. Naturally it is not possible to understand present-day Russia without knowing something about Stalin, and this book offers a good chance to become acquainted. *Thunder Over Europe* by E. Alexander Powell (Washburn, $3) is a general look at the European situation, and an alarming one; there are some chapters on Russia that do not seem of much importance, but some of the other material is interesting enough, especially the discussion of the impending war between Italy and France.

How to Prevent War

ONE of the recent books about our own country has a bearing upon this general problem of world peace. It is *National Defense: A Study of Origins and Results and the Prevention of War* by Kirby Page (Farrar and Rinehart), a long book in which there seems to be very little that is new. In conclusion Mr. Page writes: "Warfare, however, reveals not only courage and nobility, but also hatred and ferocity and misery indescribable." Not a bad summary of life in general, is it? At heart a pacifist, if the word can mean merely a lover of peace, the Landscaper

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wonders where Mr. Page can find anything so thrilling as, for example, the manœuvers of the air forces of the United States Army, which have recently taken place over New York city . . . Death and destruction beyond the imagination of any man lurked in the skies on that day, but if any one thinks the people in the city were so frightened as to turn immediately against all war, he is entitled to one more effort to learn something about the human race. Speaking of books on the United States, Mr. Millis's debunking of the Spanish-American War has already been mentioned. Another important recent work is *The Problem of Unemployment* by Paul H. Douglas and Aaron Director (Macmillan, $3.50), both the authors being University of Chicago economists. There is a preface by President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore, and the book strikes this reader as balanced and sane; it contains no magic formulae and offers no panacea to heal the worst disease that has ever come to plague this nation's economic body.

Schliemann: Gold-Seeker

Of good biographies there is much more than a fairish supply just now, including a new opus by Emil Ludwig, who, goaded by the criticisms of reviewers in America, has inserted a footnote to explain that the many books of his published here in a short period took him all of ten years to write. Herr Ludwig is evidently resentful of being considered the Oppenheim of biography. His new book is *Schliemann: The Story of a Gold-Seeker* (Little, Brown, $3.50), and a first-rate story it is, this tale of how a man who started as a grocer's apprentice wound up as one of the most important archæologists ever to handle a pick, although he knew far less of the scientific side of archæology than Ludwig gives him credit for. The nucleus of the story, namely Schliemann's determination to establish the background of the Homeric poems as authentic by digging out the cities which they describe, is in itself exciting enough, but Ludwig has handled every other detail in an admirable fashion. He can tell a tale, this industrious German, and Schliemann deserved a full-length biography. Many a museum is the richer for his discoveries, but what is infinitely more important human life itself is richer; he found much that was beautiful, and he added much to our knowledge of times past. Ludwig had access to an enormous quantity of family material, Schliemann's own detailed diaries, so that he was enabled to write a definitive biography. Sir Arthur Evans, the great British archæologist, prepared a long introduction which did not arrive in time for the first printing, but which will appear in subsequent editions. Sir Arthur pays the highest tribute to the importance of Schliemann's work.

An American Revived

Henry Walcott Boynton has rescued James Fenimore Cooper from obscurity, not to say oblivion, in an excellent biography whose title is no more than the author's name (Century, $5), a full-length portrait, with only a relatively small amount of space devoted to Cooper's work, but with a full background of the period. Cooper was

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American to the core, and a pioneer in the movement to snap the apron-strings of Mother England on this country's literature. He waged a battle that is still going, with considerable victories on this side the Atlantic. He was also severe in his criticisms of his own country. Mr. Boynton's work is the result of long and careful research — he had access to the family documents and was the first to examine them with an eye to their literary use — and he writes well, too, so that the book is quite definitely an addition to this year's really valuable and enduring books. Another volume that combines biography with history is Charles Rosebault's *When Dana Was the Sun* (McBride, $3.75), which is a rich, full picture of a great editor and of the men who surrounded him, as well as an account of the vast influence he wielded on the political affairs of the country.

The best and most engaging piece of English biography to come this way recently was Michael Sadleir's *Bulwer: A Panorama* (Little, Brown, $4), the story of the English novelist and his Irish wife, Rosina, which is, in effect, a group picture of an English period, and which contains a great deal of new material. All those who know Mr. Sadleir's life of Trollope will have no doubts about the skill with which the Bulwer is handled; it is delightfully written and most entertaining.

Messrs. Tully and Dreiser

SOMETHING else again is Jim Tully's new chapter in his autobiography, *Blood on the Moon* (Coward-McCann), another book of the same general character of most of Mr. Tully's work, written in a highly simplified style, and dealing with the seamy side. There is an introduction in which Tully declares he is through with this sort of thing, and will go on from this point in a new direction, and in which he also suggests that posterity may be interested in his life-story. Maybe he's right; the Landscaper's guess is otherwise. In fact, the Landscaper has always found Mr. Tully pretty tiresome, and the new volume does little to change the general impression. It contains a good many words that are not used every day in polite society, for which Mr. Tully is to be congratulated, since most of them are good words, and occasionally he does make an underworld character appealing, but . . . well, the plain truth is that the Landscaper doesn't care for Jim Tully's books and even less for his personality as manifested therein, a very ill-natured thing to say, but honest, at least.

A far more important book is *Dawn: An Autobiography of Early Youth* by Theodore Dreiser (Liveright, $5), in which the novelist recounts the story of his youthful struggles without reticence; in fact, with every evidence that he has tried to write a really candid tale of how he emerged from the most unpromising surroundings to take his place as one of the nation's distinguished novelists. It is not a pretty story, and Mr. Dreiser writes it just as badly as any one can write, short of downright illiteracy, but it is ponderously impressive, like his novels. It reveals a man of might rising above the most depressing conditions imaginable, and it should be read, even though it give pain to the sensitive reader.

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An important book to students of Tolstoy is *Tolstoy: New Light on His Life and Genius*, edited by René Fülöp-Miller (Lincoln Mac Veagh-The Dial Press, $5), a large collection of Tolstoy's literary remains, including stories, plays, fragments of novels, and, best of all, a collection of letters covering a long period. There is also a collection of reminiscences, written by a number of people who knew Tolstoy. This is hardly a book to interest the general reader, but it needed publishing.

Remarque Repeats

As one of those who, from the day he read *All Quiet on the Western Front* in England before its publication in America, has had the highest respect for Erich Maria Remarque as a novelist, the Landscaper naturally rejoices to be able to report that Remarque's new book, *The Road Back* (Little, Brown, $2.50) is another fine achievement, which, while it may not find a market so large as its predecessor, is quite certain to interest many people. It treats of returned German soldiers and what they found out about life after getting back home from the trenches. One may look upon it as another plea for peace, but it is well done and interesting, and satisfactory evidence that the world-sale of *All Quiet* was no mere accident.

Of recent fiction, the Landscaper has enjoyed several other novels. One of the best is Franz Werfel's *The Pure in Heart*, originally published as *Barbara*, a long book that turns about the struggles of the spiritual man in a world that is anything else but spiritual. It is told in the form of the memories of a man who is called simply Ferdinand R., and in his career is mirrored the whole course of Central Europe from 1890 to the present. Barbara is the old nurse of Ferdinand, a woman of such simple goodness that she is able to influence the life of Ferdinand more than any of the dramatic experiences he meets. This is a long novel, but an important one; the Landscaper hopes that some of the people who like it will go back to Werfel's *Verdi*, which is a beautiful book that has never had its due in this country.

An Interesting Experiment

Another foreign novel that has attracted a good deal of attention both here and in England is Ferdynand Goetel's *From Day to Day* (Viking, $2.50). It has an introduction by John Galsworthy, who approves of the odd method Goetel has of telling his story. *From Day to Day* is a novel within a novel; the tale of a famous writer's love for three women. A diary breaks up the novel itself, and there is the interplay of life and art all through. It is an interesting experiment, which, in this case, seems to justify itself, but which can not in the very nature of things reach so many people as a more conventional approach; straightforward story telling has much to be said for it, if one is trying to reach outside the professional group for readers.

There have been only a few American novels of consequence these last two or three weeks, although pleasure may be had from such good work as Vardis Fischer's *Dark Bidwell* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50); Eugene Löhrke's *Deep Evening* (Cape and Smith, $2); or Sonia Ruthéle Novak's *Strange Thoroughfare* (Macmillan,

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$2.50). The Fischer novel concerns itself with a gentleman named Bidwell and his wife in Idaho, Bidwell being a man of many contradictory characteristics, and therefore very human. He is well drawn, and his story makes good reading. Mr. Löhrke's *Deep Evening* tells what happened on board a great ocean liner during the four hours when she was going to the bottom, a dramatic situation which he handles with full appreciation of its possibilities. The book is relatively short, written in the tight modern technique, and with a minimum of dialogue, but is a good sound piece of work that shows a very marked improvement over the author's first book, *Overshadowed.* Miss Novak's long, tumultuous tale of a Southern girl who comes to grief through her desire to establish contact with people is told almost altogether in dialogue; it covers a long period in time, and much territory. There are many characters, much action, a good deal of melodrama, and exactly why it is all so interesting the Landscaper has not yet fathomed. But it is. The book has the blood of life in it, a really remarkable first novel. Its people are well done, and even when the heroine is not perfectly credible, she is never uninteresting. It might not be a bad plan to make a mark by Miss Novak's name; she has it in her to write unusually good fiction.

Other Good Books

SPACE grows short and there are some important books still to be mentioned. André Siegfried's *England's Crisis* (Harcourt, Brace, $3) is certainly one of the best and most interesting of all the many books that have been written on the present situation in the country mentioned, and merits a careful reading. Then there is R. Emmett Kennedy's new collection of negro spirituals and "ballets," called *More Mellows* (Dodd, Mead), which all those who have Mr. Kennedy's earlier collection, *Mellows*, will want, and which contains in addition to a number of songs beautifully and appropriately arranged by Mr. Kennedy, some of the shrewdest and wisest comment on negro music and folk-song that is to be found anywhere. And *New York Is Everybody's Town* by Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride (Putnam, $3), a perfectly priceless guide to the city . . . and others including Christopher Morley's *John Mistletoe* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), one of the most charming of this year's books. But the other foot must be put on the gangplank, or there will be an anatomical accident. *Auf Wiedersehen!*

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

When the ancient Emperors of China and the Moghuls of India with their Persian memories planned their gardens of desire — gardens which have, many of them, survived until our own times — they frequently embodied the idea of having them appear most perfect at a certain time of the year, or of the day, or night, and somewhere in each one was a quiet pool for reflection. They planted gardens which sent forth their fragrance only in the moonlight, others which attained perfection only when the shadows lengthened at sunset; they made gardens for the springtime, misty pink with peach and almond blooms, and gardens for the flaming maples of the autumn. In somewhat the same thoughtful way that those ancient beauty lovers planned their gardens do we of modern times try to gauge our seasons of travel. We seek the country we would travel at the season when she synchronizes best with nature's most perfect mood. Little wonder then that alert travellers are taking advantage of a cruise to the lands and islands of the Pacific in the fall of the year. It is an experience to be treasured. It is as though you had found a golden opportunity to walk through dozens of gardens of bewildering beauty, each peering at her own loveliness in their common pool — the Pacific.

Hawaii Shimmers on Your Horizon

Hawaii is the first of the garden-like islands on your path. It welcomes you with its own peculiar flower, the lei, which is hung about your neck in fragrant beneficence. Here on your drives over fine roads through the countryside you will see such a riot of greens and reds and purples as you scarcely dreamed could deck a single island. At the Pali nature seems verily to have run amok, so magnificent is the play of light and color on the landscape. At Hilo, too, if you have opportunity for a visit there, you will be impressed with the magnificent growth all about you — the tree-like ferns, the palms and other natural beauties within Hawaii National Park. You may have a look while you are there in the Fire Pit and before you leave watch the mists of Rainbow Falls blow away into dreams.

That Garden in Miniature — Japan

In Japan. A whole group of islands, each so much like the favorite work of a delicate miniaturist. Your first day ashore a medley of fresh experiences. Your first rickshaw ride, perhaps, your first whirl through a narrow street hung with lanterns at dusk. Your first glimpse of the Japanese tea ceremony in some secluded garden where a waterfall plays a gentle accompaniment to the graceful movements of an ancient rite. You may find the land so sweetly strange, after your days at sea, that you are willing to part with your ship-home for a week, while it sails on around to Nagasaki and leaves you to linger in more of Japan's alluring gardens.

Her temple gardens are pictures of artists come to life — everything in perfect balance, exact in proportions. Nothing in these gardens ever "hits you in the eye" as sometimes it does in ours, but from the dainty stepping-stones to the dwarf trees you are aware of a poetic restraint. Even the cranes and other birds which frequent these quiet retreats move gracefully, almost silently about, as though even they would not disturb the peaceful repose of nature. At Nara, where the park is virtually a garden, the sloe-eyed deer come confidingly close for largesse which has been thoughtfully provided before you reached them, for feeding the deer at Nara gives you the feeling of a true Japanese.

In Kyoto and Kobe you will learn that the pungent smell of burning charcoal floating through the golden haze means that autumn is just round the corner, that *hibachi* are

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being lighted, that the slight chill in the air will soon bring the flaming of the maples on the hillsides, and that, as your rickshaw whirls through frequent villages you may see countless happy little families gathered round the red coals of their *hibachi* toasting their fingers. You will never again inhale that homely fragrance without remembering the gay throngs of laughing children scuffling at their play on wooden *geta*, the baskets in the flower markets piled high with the royal chrysanthemums of the Emperor and the enchanting little shops that line the streets filled with teapots and lacquer.

Across the Yellow Sea to China

NOTHING could be more in keeping with things than having to cross a yellow sea to reach China. Isn't yellow the imperial Chinese color? And the sea really is yellow — yellow as the Mississippi where the Missouri pours out its muddy soul to the Father of Waters. Now you will love China. She is quite irresistible from the moment you slip up to the dock on the Bund at Shanghai, past all the frantic little river craft which have scurried along beside you on the broad bosom of the Yangtze as though they would serve as a royal escort; or perhaps they just want to get all the journeying they can on the old river before she reaches the sea.

Chinese Garden Lore

RIGHT in the very midst of Shanghai, though it echoes much of that excitement we always associate with Paris, you may come upon gardens of great repose. There are the Pang Sung Gardens, and the rock gardens around the Willow Pattern Tea House in the Native City with its crooked bridges and fantastic pavilions. And if you choose to go farther inland to Soo Chow, perhaps, you will see the perfection of some of their, to our eyes, curious rock gardens. We wonder at the appeal of these strangely shaped rocks. Yet it leaves us more thoughtful to learn that each one stands for something. Some stones, those which are valued most highly, resemble standing figures of people. There are river stones. When a stone is brought from a river it is always placed near a pool or stream, for it is a water rock. When stones have been brought from a sunny land, they must be placed where the sun will warm them in the garden. So it is with trees, and trees really seem to mean more to the Chinese in their gardens than flowers; if a tree has been growing on a hillside, it will be transplanted to the little hill which every proper Chinese garden possesses. These gardens are not made as Kipling writes, "by saying, 'Oh, how lovely,' and sitting in the shade," but they stand for a lifetime devotion to nature. And in a Chinese garden you will always find a dainty pavilion where you may meditate and a still pool which mirrors the perfection of the universe. No wonder that we seek out these cherished Chinese gardens.

At Peking, half the glory of the Forbidden City and of the Summer Palace are to be found in their gardens. True, we may only surmise much of their magnificence now, but when their courtyards were gay with the splendor of the Manchu Court, they must have been surpassingly beautiful. Even now the yellow roofs of the Imperial Palaces, signifying the glory of the Emperor, and the pinkish red of the walls, which color bespoke the Empress, help to recreate the picture for us, as do the marble moon bridges and the sight of a royal peony.

We Catch Up With Summer

AS YOUR liner glides into the magic circle of Hongkong's perfect harbor, you catch up with summer again. Out of your trunks which have been stowed in the hold, you fetch everything thin and filmy that you can lay your hands on. Summer hats, parasols, fans. What fun — at the end of October! And whatever your clothes, they are always so up to the minute, because you know, fashions just crawl out to the East. So those who live in the Orient the year round admire our clothes, and because they do, we rather like them a bit better ourselves, and we are all happy. You will flaunt a gown you particularly like when you go to tea at the Peak Hotel where you may look down from its height over one of the most remarkable panoramas you will ever see. It may be unspeakably colorful and gay and inconsequential, or, if you chance to see it as I did, you will know the tenseness of a great stillness, of huddled sampans glimpsed at the docks

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below, of humidity, and an uneasy waiting for the typhoon to strike.

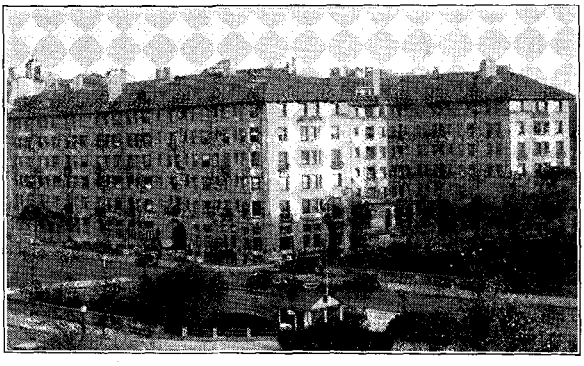
A Touch of Spanish

Down in the Philippines you come upon that sudden touch of Spanish, unless, perchance you have already glimpsed it at Macao in the almost forgotten garden of that rare old Portuguese adventurer and poet, Camoens. When Spain mingled with the East, she always did it diplomatically, casting her spell gently over her Eastern possessions as though to coax them to her ways. You will find the touch of her finger in Manila — in the cream-colored old Cathedral with its Spanish towers, and in a bit of the old city wall.

Siam, Singapore, Java, Bali, the Celebes, the Fiji Islands and Samoa — each one is a garden with its palms fringing the great pool of the Pacific, and each is "number one" as your China boy would say. How happily, how contentedly then, may we leave our gardens at home to the birds and bees for a while, and wander through some of the forgotten love gardens of the East.

To India — Luxuriously or Economically

Almost every one has said to himself at one time or another, "Some day I shall go to India." Naturally enough, perhaps, he has felt that India would have to be considered as a single unit in his travel ventures, that it was a good way off and far too vast both in wealth of interest and size to consider lightly as a part of his general travel itinerary, and there was a time when he might have been right. For there is a lot to India. Distances are great and there is a tremendous amount to see and absorb. But times have changed even in India. Good hotels are found throughout the country and train service is excellent. The days when it may have seemed rather precarious to visit India are past. "Aright Naow," as our friend Maurice Chevalier reminds us, is the time to go to India or to lay your plans for doing so. Never have travel facilities there been so well organized. Perhaps that is because the Government has determined that India is to take her place on travel itineraries with the rest of the world.



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At any rate, they are doing wonders to make travel in India attractive both for those who wish to travel luxuriously and for those to whom economy is the watchword as well. You may have your choice — economy or luxury — and both are exceedingly satisfactory in their own ways.

Across Country in Your Own Hotel

If you wish to travel in what amounts to your own private car (though in India it will be called a "tourist car" and may be misleading to you on that account), you may follow your own itinerary, having your car detached at any place that strikes your fancy and staying as long as you like. Your car is your hotel. It may surprise you to learn that these cars embody really everything you would expect to find in the way of accommodations at the best hotels, even as we know them. Bathrooms with tiled floors and walls, enamel tubs, sleeping compartments with beds instead of berths, comfortably appointed salon and dining room, a modernly equipped kitchen boasting a refrigerator — think of it in India! — electric fans, your own servants with their private quarters, your meals when you want them and the way you like them. Really all you are called upon to do is to decide where you want to go and enjoy things when you get there. It is like a house-party on wheels. Rates vary, of course, with the size of the party and the tour taken, but a party of eight persons and six servants including all expenses except food averages between fifty-eight and sixty cents a mile.

When Pennies Count

But perhaps you are a teacher and have just so much to spend both as to time and money. You have never been to India because it always seemed just a little beyond you. Or you may be a student with ideas which need contact with the ways of the East typified by India, to lend authority to your thesis, yet your purse is slim. There is a way for you too to travel the India road as did Kim. Twenty-eight day tours have been arranged and are sponsored by the Indian State Railways in which $500 will cover your entire expense (including first class hotels) to all the principal points of interest in India, and if you have time to linger, you can live like a lord for fifty dollars a month in a house-boat in Kashmir. There is just one stipulation. You must not attempt to visit India at the wrong time of the year. November to the middle of March is the season, and the end of March should see you well out of the country, unless you have found your way to one of the hill stations such as Simla or Darjeeling, or perhaps to that ever alluring Vale of Kashmir.

Your House-boat on the Jhelum

How often have we all dreamed of Kashmir, nestling up there at the very peak of the map of India at the edge of the roof of the world. When you go there you will probably leave the railway at Rawal Pindi and travel over the Jhelum Valley road, over Murree Cantt at an altitude of 6,500 feet, and then drop gently down into the valley of the Jhelum River at Kohala. Who that has seen the Jhelum River foaming through its gorges or lazily meandering through its poplar bordered reaches has not remembered tracing its winding way through the pattern of some old family Kashmir shawl, where it flowed so conventionally across an astounding background of *mille fleurs*. It decks an enrapturing landscape whether it be in make-believe on a shawl or in reality.

An alley of white poplars running for a stretch of miles along its banks brings you to the gate of Srinagar, the city of Lalla Rookh and Shah Jehan, most romantic of all the Great Moghuls. Along its canals, as lucid as those of Venice, glides your house-boat rowed by a Kashmiri family who willingly provide either motive power or musical entertainment in accord with your whim. You will think yourself quite away from the world, when suddenly the canal twists and you come upon a lively market, its stalls afloat in small bobbing boats all clutching each other for company. Flowers and fish and frantic fowl command attention. The air is vibrant with strange cries, with laughter, and good-natured bargaining. You linger, enjoying the hub-bub. Marketing accomplished, your enchanting little house-boat with its latticed windows and terrace atop the roof, glides gently away to new discoveries followed obediently by its kitchen which idly dallies along behind with the small boat for going ashore.

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Into a Srinagar Shop

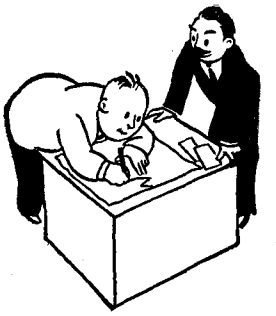
PERHAPS one of the Srinagar merchants has intrigued your curiosity because of his queer little shop which leans giddily over the river's bank, its elaborately carved balcony yearning towards the snowy mountains of Pir Panjal in the distance. Irresistible. Sipping green tea and nibbling his sweetmeats, you marvel for hours at his cherished collection of sandalwood boxes, lacquer work on *papier mâché* in the old Persian manner, embroideries strewn with roses and bulbuls, strangely wrought silver necklaces and kashmir shawls of surpassing loveliness.

Spring is creeping through the valley. Young poplar leaves shining and happy clap their joy to the breeze's accompaniment. April and May can be wet and a bit chilly, but the end of May and June bring the new blossoms and low snows on the mountains stretching away to the pearly sky-line. Even the roofs of the houses in Srinagar have turned into gardens, for their mud roofs have caught vagabond seedlings and suddenly these have grown and burst into bloom flinging their color abroad with lavish hand. In this land you will forget time and remember only that all about you are forgotten love gardens. You will find time for a day at Sunghal and going to Manasbal Lake wander in the fragrant ruins of the garden of Lalla Rukh which Moore endeared to us all. You will seek out the Nishat and the Shalimar — beautiful gardens which still whisper the splendor of Shah Jehan and his Empress — their fountain-filled water channels, fretted water slides, their great chenar trees first brought from Persia to this garden by the Lady of Shah Jehan casting grateful shade over velvet vistas of grass. It is a land of love and laughter and precious memories, of aspiring mountains and dimpling streams, of history and mystery and endless beauty. A land to seek out and make your own.

August NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Town of a Hundred Millionaires
by Ben Dixon MacNeill

What's Left for the Novelist?
by Struthers Burt



When a hotel manager *made a road map*

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

Perhaps we're wrong in talking about such little things, when we have such big things to offer. Bigger rooms, at lower prices... Roomy closets... Popular cafeteria or coffee shop... Central location... Even specially selected meats for all dining rooms. But somehow, it's the little extra things that bring our guests back. You'll be back, too, once you know us.

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AKRON, OHIO..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I..The Constant Spring

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(*Continued from page II*)

of the year than in the opening. Of course there is no reason why this should not occur; in fact, two very good reasons — cheap building and credit costs — why it should.

Labor

THE late George Hull discovered, and explained in his book, *Industrial Depressions*, that most depressions result from a falling off of construction activity, which in turn is caused by inflation of construction costs. The individual who invests in a construction project is animated by very much the same reasoning as the long-pull stock trader. This fact, when understood, discountenances the theory that demand is the controlling factor. Neither the speculative builder nor the long-pull trader is primarily interested in the immediate return on his investment, and to both, the element of greatest importance is the price at which the commitment is made. Should a given stock be bought when it is paying a large dividend and selling at several hundred, or when it is paying nothing and selling in the twenties?

The great majority of the depressions which Mr. Hull studied were preceded and brought about by a sudden rise in the cost of iron. Partly as a result of this discovery, and partly because of greatly increased production facilities, iron and steel prices were held at reasonable levels throughout the period of prosperity which preceded the present depression. In spite of this, the Federal Reserve Bank's Index of construction costs rose nearly fifteen per cent between December 1927 and September 1929. As soon as this rising trend of costs was well under way, contracts for new construction began to fall off and depression followed. Since the price of materials did not rise, the inflation must have been entirely in labor costs. This deduction is confirmed by a chart of the Standard Statistics' Index of Building Wages. In 1929, between April and September alone, the Index rises nine per cent. In these last months of prosperity builders were scrambling for labor to finish up the jobs contracted for the preceding year. Alert labor leaders did not fail to see their opportunity and through their immense potential voting power have been able to coerce even the President to aid them in a campaign to freeze wages at the absurdly inflated levels of 1929. Since economic laws can not be circumscribed, labor is now obtainable at less than Union rates on a bootleg basis. The foreman puts the regulation stipend in the laborer's envelope on Friday evening, but the latter returns a part of it on Monday morning — if he doesn't he loses his job. On the other hand there are men who are starving because they can not obtain work at Union rates, and speculative builders, realizing that wage rates will have to come down are holding off from making new commitments, thereby prolonging the duration of the depression. In other words it is my opinion that organized labor, through its greed for higher wages, brought about the present depression and that the Administration, by allying itself on the side of labor — the side with the most votes — is responsible for its duration and severity.

Credit

EARLY in May the New York Federal Reserve Bank reduced its discount rate to one and a half per cent. Shortly afterwards the Clearing House Member Banks informed their customers that they would pay only one half of one per cent on deposits. It is the hope of the banking leaders that these moves will force money into the bond market and into construction or other industrial enterprises. But fear is the master of reason. As long as panic psychology predominates and there is utter lack of confidence in our business and political leaders, gold will lie idle in its coffers. It is better to have no income, the capitalist argues, than to have no capital.

Bonds

AFTER losing most of its spring advance, the bond market appears to have made a double bottom. The announcement of the lowering of the New York Federal Reserve discount rate checked the decline in the domestic bond average, but the rebound from the lows can hardly be called spectacular. It is most important, banking leaders undoubtedly feel, to stabilize the market for foreign obligations in order that we may supply our potential customers with buying power by floating their security issues in this

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country, but such announcements as the default of the Peruvian Bonds and the uncertainty of the Australian situation hardly increase confidence in these investments. It is becoming a fairly widespread sentiment among Americans that the safest place for their money is America.

Stocks

I RECENTLY asked a very successful trader what he thought about the market. "The best thing you can do for the next month or so," he replied, "is to play golf." The more I think it over, the more I agree with his advice. Sometime in July or August there may begin a general market advance in anticipation of an autumn upturn in business. But there is no knowing what to expect meanwhile. Nothing very encouraging is expected from business, but, on the other hand, technical strength is supplied by an enormous short interest. In all probability we shall have a "market of stocks," individual issues seeking their values without reference to any general market movement. I am quite certain that some issues have already made their bear market lows, while others would seem to have downward adjustments still to make. A good deal of hot air has been removed from the new-era balloon. Earnings have regained their old prestige and stocks are no longer gobbled up by a stock hungry public, just because they have impressive names. As I have mentioned several times before, there is panic in the air. Liquidation can only be accomplished at great sacrifice. I believe, however, that there is little liquidation left to be done.

Commodities

THE downward trend in commodities continues unabated. Cotton, wheat, copper, iron, rubber, and practically everything else you can think of are selling at less than the cost of production. Efforts at curtailment are widespread, but little progress has been made so far. In the long run economic adjustments take care of themselves, but the periods of adjustment are apt to be painful. The farmer starves to death, the farm is abandoned, the potato crops are smaller, the price of potatoes rises, farmers are prosperous, a bright young man decides to be a farmer, finds the abandoned farm, and plants potatoes — which suggests:

Agriculture

THE latest available estimate places the wheat harvest at approximately 878,000,000 bushels, a figure which has been exceeded only six times. Furthermore, there is increasing evidence that Russia will become a formidable competitor in the wheat trade, particularly in the European import market. As reported by Standard Statistics, the League meeting has emphasized the development of closer credit relations between the Soviet and several European states, in which Russia's vast potential production and the low costs on her collectivized farms will figure prominently. The reported disinclination of the United States to enter into the policies evolved at the world wheat conference, and the prospective price and production policy of Russia, undoubtedly will further deflect foreign sales of American wheat. In other words, if weather conditions during the summer months are even moderately favorable, the world level of wheat prices may be expected to sag somewhat further.

The price of cotton, meanwhile, has sunk to approximately 1915 levels. Cotton mill activity, however, has risen steadily so far this year, although it is still well behind that of last. The outlook is somewhat confused by Government interference, as outlined in this column last month. At best, near term prospects are not very promising.

Railroads

ON MAY FOURTEENTH it was announced that the railroads were preparing to ask the Government for an increase in freight rates. The spokesman for the railroads made the point that declining revenues have prevented the roads from buying materials in normal quantities and thus deprived many industries of their best customers. If their revenues can be restored by higher rates, he argued, the railroads will again begin to buy, industry will benefit and the end of the depression will be seen. The railroads normally consume as high as twenty per cent of the country's production of iron and steel. In 1921, under similar circumstances, a sizable

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NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

Rockne. By *Warren Brown*. Chicago: Reilly and Lee Company. $2.50.

In view of the great popularity attained by its subject, the record of his life will appeal to many readers.

Memories of Sixty Years. By *Henry Sanderson Furniss*. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

A peer of England, blind from his birth, tells what his life has meant as economist, teacher, politician and traveler.

Vie de S. François d'Assise. By *Paul Sabatier*. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

This life of St. Francis of Assisi presents fresh viewpoints on his personality and modes of thinking.

Call Her Savage. By *Tiffany Thayer*. New York: Claude Thayer. $2.50.

A girl who came out of the Indian land played a part in modern life.

The Bell Street Murders. By *S. Fowler Wright*. New York: The Macauley Company. $2.00.

A strange invention occupies a central place in this thrillingly imaginative story.

International Administration. By *Norman L. Hill*. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. $3.00.

A good book to take with one to Geneva.

The Labor Movement in Post-War France. By *David J. Saposs*. New York: The Columbia University Press. $6.00.

A practical book for those who view the labor movement either as employer or employed.

"Gimme." *The Complete Story of New York Graft*. By *Emanuel H. Lavine*. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

A further subtitle to this saucy book is *How Politicians Get Rich*.

Sun Up. By *Will James*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Another tale for juveniles from the great open spaces populated by horses and red-blooded men.

Our National Ballads. By *C. A. Browne*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.

The story of how patriotic as well as sentimental American songs were written is set down here.

French à la Mode. By *E. E. Pattou*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

The right things to say and do in France.

increase was allowed. Nevertheless, no immediate action of this nature is expected.

Stock-market-wise, the railroads have fared the worst of any group this spring. Investors' fears were realized when the first quarter earnings made their appearance, and little improvement is expected from the second. Truck lines do not have to argue with Commissions when they wish to raise their rates, and they can make door to door deliveries. I recently heard of an important automobile manufacturer who has found that he can save an average of twenty dollars a car by shipping from the factory to the dealers by truck-and-trailer instead of by rail. In spite of these gloomy factors, I should not be surprised to see some improvement in sentiment towards the railroads during the next few months. When the harvest begins to come in, railroad earnings normally show some improvement, a fact which may be accentuated by the poor relative showing of many other lines this year.

Foreign Trade

MAKING due allowance for seasonal factors, American exports of merchandise in April receded to a new low level for the entire post-war period. At this level they were in dollar value only forty-five per cent of the amount recorded in the peak month of November, 1928. If, as Mr. Farrell recently asserted, foreign trade constitutes ten per cent of our business activity, it is easy to see where five per cent has disappeared. With political and economic conditions abroad what they are, I can not foresee any marked recovery in the near future.

Conclusion

THE generally gloomy aspect is not without its encouraging side. Low prices — once they have stopped precipitately falling — stimulate activity. I believe that most of the bad news is out, and that one important constructive development could change the picture overnight. Savings are rising, there is a plethora of money in the money markets. Individuals as well as great corporations have learned economy, which everybody except Calvin Coolidge had forgotten in 1929. The weak have fallen by the wayside, the strong are stronger than ever.

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